Next Month

and later

ADVENTURE IN FINANCE

Anonymous

"Do you think I'd take money from a *woman?*" That scornful question pretty well sums up one of the oldest and strongest taboos of our civilization — one which has decreed male dominance, particularly in financial matters. By it, men are made to feel that they have lost virility if they have retreated from that position of dominance. If you are inclined, offhand, to think that modern social use and the depression have changed all that, ask yourself (if you are a man) how you would feel if *your* wife or fiancée offered to support you. And how would a woman react to this situation? Would she, too, feel that the man had lost virility? Let this anonymous pioneer tell you. She tried it.

JOHN L. LEWIS' RISE TO POWER

Louis Adamic

The big push is on! You know who John L. Lewis is. That massive personality leaps at you from the front page of your newspaper with recurrent frequency. Starting toward fame in the booming days of the Blue Eagle, Lewis has turned organized labor upside down. With his United Mine Workers strong and wealthy, he is about to press the drive on steel — that gigantic task which has intimidated labor movements since Frick crushed the unions in his great plants. When and if he wins, he will go on, next to autos and rubber — and the increasing unrest among labor in those industries already foreshadows the day when the C.I.O., mightier than ever, will move on them. After that, radio — food — textiles. And after that? Well, nobody knows, maybe not even Lewis, but Louis Adamic hazards some shrewd surmises.

OTHER FEATURES

"Light, like the Sun," by Frances Newton — a confession of the emotional problems affecting a bereaved daughter and the solution she found in a unique memorial to her parent. A debate on the question whether private industry can satisfactorily absorb our present unemployed, with John G. Jones taking the affirmative and J. George Frederick the negative side. A second installment of the symposium on how to keep America out of war.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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The Book Forum . . . . . *Conducted by* M. M. C. IV

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VOL. XCVII — No. 2

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THE BOOK FORUM

Conducted by M. M. C.

PORTRAITS AND SELF-PORTRAITS — Georges Schreiber (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75).

WOMEN CALLED WILD — Rosita Forbes (Dutton, $3.00).

AUDUBON — Constance Rourke (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00).

THE ODYSSEY OF FRANCIS XAVIER — Theodore Maynard (Longmans, Green, $2.50).

CATHERINE DE MEDICI — Ralph Roeder (Viking, $3.75).

WITHOUT PREJUDICE — Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt (Dutton, $3.00).

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE — Elinor Glyn (Nicholson, England).

JILL SOMERSET — Alec Waugh (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50).

THE ENJOYMENT OF LAUGHTER —Max Eastman (Simon & Schuster, $3.75).

IN an unplanned, uncritical manner Georges Schreiber, an artist, gives us *Portraits and Self-Portraits* of a miscellaneous collection of writers: the portraits are by him, and the self-portraits are by the writers. If the artist had had a more critical knowledge of his sitters this book might have been very interesting. But he knows very little of the people he is portraying, so his book is a very higgledy-piggledy performance. It would have been a lot better if the publishers had given him an assignment to deal with certain outstanding writers, because Mr. Schreiber himself is hardly aware of the difference between a writer and a journalist and between either of them and a businessman who does a little writing.

He does the portraits of certain publicized writers he knows: these are neither the most distinguished writers of the day nor the best known — they are all, however, in the public view, which means that the day after tomorrow only a few of them will remain. One could say about the subjects of *Portraits and Self-Portraits* that they are all intelligent men, that some few of them are good journalists, writers of the day of passing importance. It is noticeable that not a single woman is included amongst them.

The writers include James Truslow Adams, who started life in Wall Street and was a broker, banker, manufacturer, and railroad man. I am not at all sure but that this is a good training for a contemporary historian; and an excellent contemporary historian James Truslow Adams has become. Everything he has written is well worth reading, but I doubt very seriously if his countenance is as complacent as the artist has made it. I doubt equally if Norman Angell has the countenance of a complacent English grocer such as the artist has given him. I am certain, however, that the artist is right about Albert Einstein, to whom he gives not the countenance of a man but that of a cherubic angel of the Lord, privileged to take a peep into the Lord's most secret affairs and to translate them as best he can into a formula of signs and figures. Says Albert: "The bitter and the sweet come from the outside, the hard from within, from one's own efforts. Arrows of hate have been shot at me, but they never hit me. I live in that solitude which is painful in youth but delicious in the years of maturity."

Among the real writers depicted are Somerset Maugham, who writes of himself, "I have tried to make my life a completed and rounded thing," and the late Luigi Pirandello, who says, "I owe nothing to anyone. I have everything in a small way all by myself," and Thomas Wolfe, who writes, "I have to struggle all the time against indolence. . . . At any rate, I am working." A lot of others in this book are not worthy of this company.

THERE are a lot of complacent countenances in *Portraits and Self-Portraits*, and if there is a more terrible vice in this world than self-complacence I do not know of it. However, if any of my readers themselves feel a trifle that way and need an antidote to it, Rosita Forbes's *Women Called Wild* will temporarily supply it. You will find in these pages things that will show you, decisively and unforgettably, that the human race is not like us or like the bulk of the people we know.

You can, in this book, go into the forests of Amazonia and live amongst Women of the Leaves, whose men are head-hunters and whose own chief industry is the brewing of poisons. You can go amongst the Women of the Flame in Dutch Guiana and meet people part negro, part Indian, who "precipitating themselves into the blaze," dance in it, bathe in it, seize the hottest fragments, hold them in their hands, press them to their breasts and lips; you will see women who, in the midst of voodoo dances, tear their rivals' eyes out, without interference on the part of onlookers. And, when you read about women in Ethiopia, China, Guiana, Haiti, Brazil, Tripoli, Java, you will realize that the world is stranger than any traveler has told us and that human beings have an undreamed-of variety. The amazing thing is that a woman has looked upon such sights and has survived to tell the tales. But she gives an account of her strange experiences with the punch of an able newspaperman, and we believe every incident she brings before us.

AS it is the main ambition of the human race to be happy and to hear of the lives of the happy, a book about that bird-intoxicated French-born American (*Audubon*, by Constance Rourke) is going to be of interest to a great number of people. Audubon had an interest that was outside himself, and without an outside interest one cannot be happy from day to day. His interest brought him into the health-giving wilderness of a virgin land; he had eyes that could see colors, shapes, shades; he had ears that could hear sounds of every range; he was well-made, strong, and handsome; he had a gay disposition; he was married to a lovable woman — he had, in short, all those possessions that Poe reckoned as making for happiness. He was an artist, too, who knew that he was creating something original, something lasting.

What was this lucky fellow's ancestry? It is hard to be sure. He was the adopted son of a French sea captain, and, though he might have been the captain's own illegitimate son, Miss Rourke's inclination is toward belief in the legend that he was the lost Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

When Audubon was in Edinburgh arranging for the publication of his *Birds*, Christopher North, who saw his paintings of them, said, " 'Twas a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World." This is the truest word North ever said, and that's why readers are going to read this life of Audubon — because it is the history of a man who got down somehow in lines and colors a "wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World." Constance Rourke's book is the story not only of Audubon but of Audubon's vision. She brings very close to us the world of great rivers, forests, swamps, with the endless flocks of strange and bright birds, the America of the early nineteenth century — indeed, maybe the America that was brought to Columbus by the birds that alighted on his ship as he approached land.

A LIFE that contrasts somewhat with Audubon's is the life of a sixteenth-century missionary which Theodore Maynard has written under the title of *The Odyssey of Francis Xavier*. Here we are given not a man who, like Audubon, de-

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The Book Forum

lighted in the color and motion of the natural world but one who was interested only in the life of the spirit as that life was understood by sixteenth-century Iberians. Yet there were certain qualities that Francis Xavier and Audubon would have liked in each other: both were athletes and both had great elation of spirit. The tattered missionary who came to the court of the Emperor of Japan tossing an apple in the air and running to catch it before it fell had certainly high spirits and a power of being elate and, moreover, had, like Audubon, an endearing charm. But Xavier was against nature, and Audubon was all for trying to situate man in nature. Xavier, too, was, like Audubon, an adventurer, an explorer: he was a man whose heroism in the Spanish style was fantastic and sublime. Determined to win Japan to the Christian faith, he knew that the Japanese were a people hard enough to face the impress of Christianity, unlike the softer people of India, for whom the impress would be only as upon water.

A world very alien to ours is revealed in this book. There is the world around the University of Paris where there were, at the same time, John Calvin, John Knox's coadjutor; Buchanan; Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits; and Francis Xavier. There is Portugal when the Portuguese were the most enterprising and the most successful of European peoples. There is the India of the Portuguese. And there is the strange Japan governed by two powers — that of a forgotten man, the Mikado, living in a forgotten city, and that of the Shogun, whose power was being broken down by the barons.

If one wanted to understand the complexity of the age that produced Francis Xavier, one should read Ralph Roeder's *Catherine de Medici*. This is about a little Italian girl, tragically orphaned, who, through dickerings amongst the great powers, becomes the daughter-in-law of that old sport Francis I of France. As a widow she finds herself the mother of three successive kings and holds power on her own through regency. She does her best to give peace to her adopted country — France — torn between the feuds of the great factions, the Bourbons and the Guises, and two competing religions. Between the factions and the competitions, she somehow consents, through outside pressure, to the awful slaughter we know as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which has left her name infamous in history. And yet Ralph Roeder's judgment on her is "a woman whose ruling passion was maternal and whose programme was of conservation and peace." It is a tragic story, and Ralph Roeder makes it pointed by seeing under it all the surgings of a constitutional and economic revolution which, 250 years afterward, burst out as

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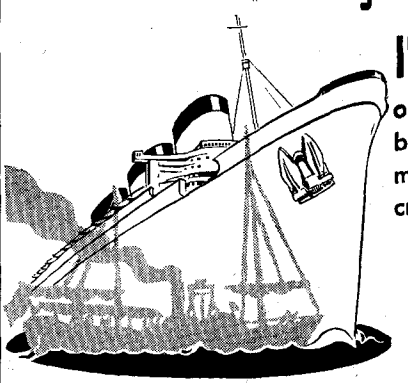

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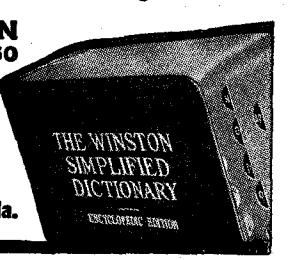

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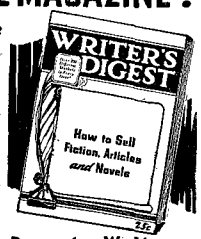

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the French Revolution and destroyed the French royalty.

The author of this biography is a civilized and sophisticated writer, but he is too much taken up with the current idea that the economic issue is the only one that gives reality to historical happenings. But we know very well that, even if there were no economic issue, men would fight for ideas; they would have fought for the great ideas of the sixteenth century anyway — free will versus determinism, personal religion versus authoritarianism. Admiral Coligny and Philip II, John Calvin and Ignatius Loyola may have been the protagonists of economic issues, but they were also fighting for what they believed to be immense spiritual values. Ralph Roeder has written an unusual book, full of memorable ideas and sentences. It is bound to be compared with Francis Hackett's book on Catherine's predecessor, Francis I, but it is not as vigorous a narrative.

IN comparison with these books about serious people anxious to play a serious part in the world's affairs, we have a couple of silly autobiographies which are interesting because they are part of the life of our time: Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's *Without Prejudice* and Elinor Glyn's *Romantic Adventure;* also a book about Wallis Warfield Simpson which we declined to read. These books might be described as dealing with the lives of the international cocktail-drinking set, from Hollywood to Buckingham Palace, and Shanghai to Cannes and Carlsbad, people who have somehow managed to manipulate themselves into positions of conspicuousness in this curious age.

The ladies concerned have all achieved the front page at one time or another. Gloria Morgan, as a girl in her teens, managed through her charms to marry herself to a middle-aged, somewhat decrepit member of the house of Vanderbilt. Her sister, Lady Furness, twice a divorcee, was the lady popularly supposed to have introduced that other twice-divorcee, Mrs. Simpson, to Edward VIII and so to have endangered the British throne, causing the last occupant of it to, in Emersonian lingo, "give all for love." The ladies on examination of their pictured countenances appear all to have parted their hair in the middle, to have large intellectual foreheads, highly painted lips and cheeks, plucked eyebrows, foolish and queer-looking eyes, extravagant clothes and jewels. Their education otherwise appears to have been on the neglected line. The one who has written *Without Prejudice* does not know how to spell the names of the places she has lived in or has frequented, and so calls the Avenue Charles Floquet "Avenue Charles Floquette" and Prunier's, "Prunierre's." Why a suffering world should have to put up with such personages, living or dead, is not clear.

Elinor Glyn, the author of *Romantic Adventure,* produced what some years back were supposed to be very risqué novels. However, in comparison with others, hers appears to have been an age of innocence. Ladies who were not quite *comme il faut* always in public sat on the left of a gentleman when out riding in his barouche, so that when his friends encountered him they knew they should glance the other way. But if the lady sat on his right everybody knew she was his lawful wedded wife and so could safely bow to them in public. In our sophisticated age there is no such thing as ladies of the left: they are all to the front.

In the 'nineties in which Elinor Glyn figured as a beauty, none of the ladies, whether left or right, "would have used powder, lip-stick, or had any kind of bag," for there were no beauty parlors, no cosmetics, no painted faces. Yet Elinor Glyn managed, in spite of the lack of all these aids, to have written *Three Weeks,* which she herself thinks was a work of high literature, and to have been the inventor of the term *It.* She has spent considerable time in Hollywood, and her book, in a manner, might be described as the history of this country in search of sophistication. Here you get an idea of how the best people furnished their houses, entertained their guests, and behaved toward royalty in the pre-War age. There was a "real" standard of morality, so that, if you happened to be staying in the house of a reigning king's mistress and you met figures in dressing gowns in the corridors in the middle of the night, you kept their identities an honorable secret. This is a book worth reading and undoubtedly about a more honorable age than ours.

ALREADY in England the domination of the international cocktail-drinking set is on the wane. Or so it would appear from Alec Waugh's new novel. *Jill Somerset* is along favorite English lines, combining as it does social history with an individual's or a couple of individuals' story. The younger sister of the Somerset whose name gives the title to the novel belongs to the night-club era. But it is shown that her entrance into that life was due to the maladjustments that came in the wake of the war. Beryll Somerset lives the gay life in London and the Riviera, but it comes to an end when her lover, who suffers from a worse maladjustment through the peace, lets the gas from the kitchen stove obliterate them both. Beryll's life and death make Jill determined to set a proper pattern before her own children. She resists the temptation to let go her husband and enter a new

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News of New Books

marriage that would give her what she had never known — real love.

Jill Somerset is good both as a story and as history, and it seems to chronicle very fairly the changes in England in the last 25 years, including the change to the new respectability. Jill's conclusion is that it does not so much matter what one believes as that, through some belief, one can become adjusted to the stream of change. Alec Waugh's is a novel very much in the English tradition, not highly dramatic but with well-drawn characters and some affecting scenes.

MAX Eastman's *The Enjoyment of Laughter* is a book that one should keep on a handy shelf and peruse from time to time. Like every other book about the comic, it does not bear being read continuously and from beginning to end: laughter may be what the philosopher named it — "a sudden glory" — but its essence is its suddenness, and no one can keep us in the mood for laughter for over 350 pages, including an appendix. Max Eastman does better than anyone else. His book is really an anthology of funny remarks, with a good-humored philosophical comment to set them up. Most jokes being the same joke over again, practically all the jokes that the human race has made are in this book. But not all. We miss a few favorites. Still, what is here is enough, for there is a joke for every occasion.

NEWS of New Books

(Courtesy *The Publisher's Weekly*)

The Street of the Fishing Cat, by Jólan Földes (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). Chosen by the judges of the All Nations Prize Novel Competition as the best among the winners in the different countries. A novel of Hungarian expatriates living in Paris.

Naked to Laughter, by Dorothy McCleary (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). Dorothy McCleary won the Doubleday, Doran — *Story Magazine* prize with her first novel, *Not for Heaven.* Now she writes about a small-town milliner.

Cities of Refuge, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The White Russian cause seen through the eyes of an English girl. Much of the action takes place in Sebastopol, but the story extends over twenty years, picturing the fate of a host of Russian refugees.

Shining Scabbard, by R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.75). The spirit of a provincial French town in the early part of 1914 recreated in a novel about a French family.

HAVELOCK ELLIS'
PSYCHOLOGY OF
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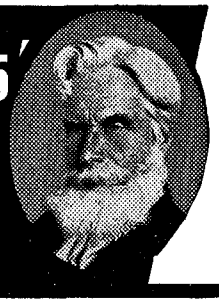

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F O R U M

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FEBRUARY, 1937 VOL. XCVII, NO. 2

Shall We Go To Rome?

Editorial Foreword

THE INTERNATIONAL P.E.N. Club is a world association of poets, playwrights, editors, essayists, and novelists to facilitate the friendship of writers and the flow of literary ideals. Its president is Jules Romains, who succeeded H. G. Wells, who, in turn, followed John Galsworthy. Mrs. Sinclair Lewis (Dorothy Thompson) is president of the American center. The P.E.N. congress moves annually from country to country. Last summer, the fourteenth congress met in Buenos Aires, where P.E.N. centers of 40 countries were represented, including Iceland, New Zealand, and Japan. Next summer, the congress is invited to Rome.

The invitation to Rome is a startling challenge to the American P.E.N. center. Can American authors who subscribe to the freedom of literary utterance from political restraint accept the hospitality of a country — the Soviet Union, Germany, Italy — where imaginative writing is restricted by political discipline?

The international P.E.N. centers are not propaganda organizations. They stand for the ascendancy of ideas over organization. They are not often executive. Their acts are chiefly social — the entertainment of foreign guests. Yet potentially these centers are dynamic, ready at any time in any country to crystallize literary trends, to focus aesthetic thought, and to exercise a vital influence on public behavior. And the challenge of Rome calls for resolution and assertion on the part of the authors who constitute the American center. America has important aesthetic ideals, and they should be vocative in this association of authors.

H. G. WELLS

IN OCTOBER, when the London P.E.N. center celebrated the 70th birthday of its president, Mr. Wells made several striking statements of policy:

> In the most vital concerns there is no right or left at all. There is no left science — in spite of the desperate attempts of some of our Red friends to represent Marxism as a scientific philosophy. Science marches on and marches on, neither to the left nor to the right — but straight forward. Science, art, and literature, the free activities of the human mind rise supreme above all political considerations. . . . The P.E.N. is an international of journalism and writers generally, working side by side with the internationals of science and the freemasonry of art and technical work, for steadfast creativeness. Faced with the uproar and violence of contemporary affairs, the P.E.N. Club in its own fashion maintains the concept of an intellectual and aesthetic world republic.

Entirely aesthetic in its aims, P.E.N. unhappily is forced to be aware of politics when governments obstruct its purposes. At the

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fifth international P.E.N. congress in Brussels in 1927 resolutions were passed declaring:

> Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political and national upheavals. . . . Works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.

When six years later, in 1933, the international P.E.N. congress met at Dubrovnik in Jugoslavia there came a delegation from Germany representing in no sense the great authors of that country. The German P.E.N. had been purged and purified in the interest of Nazi politics, and the new center was clearly an implement of Hitlerism. The American delegate, Henry Seidel Canby, presented to the congress a motion reincorporating the Brussels resolutions and calling upon the international congress

> to take definite steps to prevent the individual centers of the P.E.N., founded for the purpose of fostering good will and understanding between the races and nations, from being used as weapons of propaganda in the defense of persecution inflicted in the name of chauvinism, racial prejudice, and political ill will.

After the German delegates had walked out of the theater, the congress passed unanimously the American resolution.

The Nazi P. E. N.

The Nazi P.E.N. center eventually withdrew from communion with other P.E.N. centers, and their present associations with German writers in exile are more intimate than those with members of the politically controlled group in Germany. German writers in exile often address meetings of the American P.E.N. center in New York. Under the totalitarian regime of Mussolini for years Italian authors failed to attend the international P.E.N. congresses. Now an Italian center has emerged and was very vocative last summer under the leadership of Marinetti at Buenos Aires. The present Italian center is naturally looked on with smiling skepticism by the P.E.N. clubs of democratic countries.

In the third great totalitarian country, the U.S.S.R., for obvious reasons, there is no P.E.N. center at all. In his *Autobiography*, Mr. Wells tells how during his visit to Moscow he vainly suggested to Russian writers the possibility of forming a P.E.N. center:

> I brought to these new Russian writers the question whether the time had not come to decontrol literary activities in Russia and form a free and independent P.E.N. Club in Moscow. I unfolded my ideas about the necessity of free writing and speech and drawing in every highly organized state; the greater the political and social rigidity, I argued, the more the need for thought and comment to play about it. These were quite extraordinary ideas to all my hearers, though Gorky must have held them once. If so, he has forgotten them or put them behind him.

Such is the background of the problem presented the American P.E.N. this year by the invitation from Rome. The record of Fascism in suppressing books and plays and extolling war as the only true hygiene of the nations is not in the spirit of the resolutions declaring for the freedom of letters from politics which the American center has repeatedly placed on its records. On the other hand we wish to be tolerant. We are friendly to all Italian authors whatever their politics. We welcome the existence of a P.E.N. club, however unrepresentative, in Rome. Yet Rome can hardly tolerate that free discussion — for example the topic of literary exiles — to which Americans are accustomed in P.E.N. congresses. Rome can but grudgingly allow the enthusiastic democratic utterances of American authors wide circulation in the press. It would seem, at this writing, to be unfair to our hosts and awkward on our part to inflict on them the entertainment of an official delegation from the United States. American authors may attend the congress in Rome on their private initiative without officially representing the American P.E.N. center or its program of literary independence.

By and large the poets, essayists, and novelists of the world at the present time are singularly anemic and ineffective in influencing either public or private behavior. The politicians have stolen the show. It was not so in imaginative times when poets led armies into battle and novelists precipitated great social reforms. Art is still stunned and breathless at the rapidity of industrial change. It is time for the P.E.N. clubs to make an inspired and resolute beginning in leadership.

The gods, too, die, alas!
But deathless and more strong
Than brass
Remains the sovereign song.

Henry Goddard Leach

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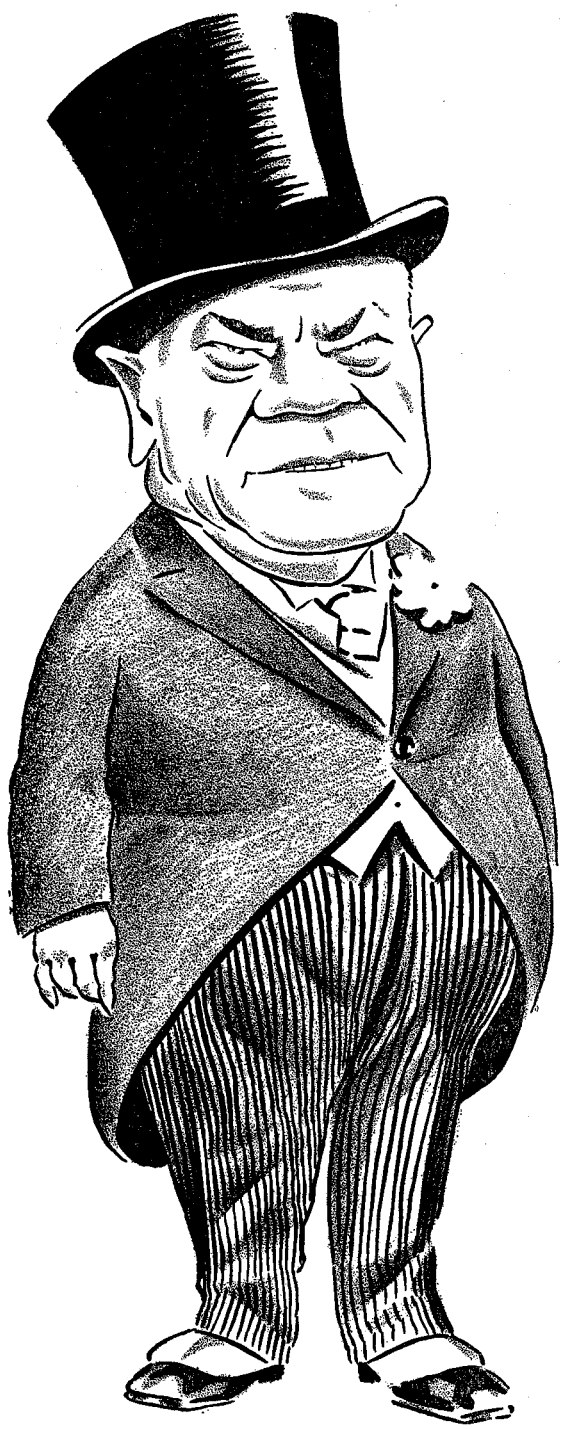
Boss Pendergast

King of Kansas City, Emperor of Missouri

by **RALPH COGHLAN**



Cartoon by S. Robles

To get to the great man, we climb a long flight of stairs in a rather dingy two-story brick building at 1908 Main Street, Kansas City, Missouri. One name for it is the Jackson County Democratic Club, but it is better known as the headquarters of the King of Missouri Democracy. The steps are worn. They have borne the weight of United States senators, governors, mayors, councilmen, bankers, beggars, and gangsters — yes, and the lame, the halt, and the blind.

At the top, we are in a large room. It has the stark atmosphere of a lodge hall. Men are sitting around puffing cigars, chatting, reading. They are the King's courtiers. Are they an unprepossessing lot? Never mind. On the walls as we gaze around we see photographs of Woodrow Wilson and of James A. Reed and we see something else we are more interested in. It is a painting of Thomas Joseph Pendergast, the man we came to see. Let's look at it a minute.

It is a face and figure that remind us of something — of a creature of the artistic imagination of Homer Davenport, of Rollin Kirby, of Daniel Fitzpatrick — the American boss type. Massive head; thinning, sand-colored hair; a wrestler's corded neck set firmly on a huge torso. The face is strong, the kind of face which is molded in a jungle background where primeval emotions are stamped and there is no time for nuances. The eyes are arresting — "an eye like Mars to threaten and command" — gray, and piercing.

We think, as we gaze at this portrait of the man, of Kansas City, boss-ridden, rotten with corruption. We know that, in this his own private barony, there have been placed on the registration rolls 268,000 names of a total population of 415,000 — 64.5 per cent. According to U. S. census estimates, only 60 per cent

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of the people are over 21. If that holds true of Kansas City, it means that more than the total adult population — including aliens, the sick, the insane, the imprisoned, the indifferent — are on the rolls. In the First Ward, where Pendergast got his start, the registration figure was 21,073, though federal census figures show a total population of only 19,923. In the Second Ward 23,469 voters were registered, though census figures show a total population of but 18,478.

The Technique of Rule

And most of these names are voted.

In the August, 1936, primary, Lawrence McDaniel, well-known St. Louis lawyer, was running for the State supreme court against Judge Ernest S. Gantt, a Pendergast machine candidate. McDaniel carried a substantial majority of the 114 counties in Missouri and the City of St. Louis, and, not counting Kansas City, he had a comfortable lead. Here's what became of him there. In the First Ward Gantt got 18,919 votes to eighteen for McDaniel — a ratio of 1,045 to one. In the Second Ward Gantt got 19,201 votes to thirteen for McDaniel, a ratio of 1,469 to one.

In the last presidential election a vote of 41,805 was cast by the 38,401 babies, children, and adults of these two wards!

In the August primary, the Pendergast candidate for the gubernatorial nomination beat his opponent, a highly respected and widely known citizen, by the ratio of 29 to one.

We know that in the last Kansas City mayoralty election, when a group of independent citizens attempted to defeat the machine candidate, corruption and brutal force decided the issue. As Jesse W. Barrett, Republican candidate for governor in the recent election, told a Kansas City audience:

> We all remember the pictures of the hospital wards filled with men who were broken and bruised by the gangsters who assaulted them at the polls. You remember that flood of fraudulent votes. You were baptized in blood, but the contest was won by the machine. The score was four murders, two hundred assaults, and one hundred thousand felonies.

We know that the Pendergast machine enjoys all the political patronage in Kansas City and Jackson County, but that is only a small part of the machine's perquisites. It controls State and city contracts. It sells the construction materials which go into public buildings. It can, if it wishes, exercise a virtual monopoly of Kansas City's liquor business and its soft-drink business. The jackals of the machine enjoy the slot-machine, dice, roulette, and prostitution rackets — and a Parisian who recently visited Kansas City described it as the wickedest city he had ever seen. There is hardly a phase of Kansas City's life untouched by this monstrous outfit.

Do the citizens complain? Well, many of the outstanding ones do business with the machine or by its favor. They are mum if, indeed, they are not the machine's apologists. Others cry out, and are intimidated. Their assessments are raised. Their buildings are found defective.

The wife of the pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church believed the youth of the city corrupted by the gambling joints. She carried her complaint to the city manager — a Pendergast devotee, of course. He told her the place to teach morals was in the home; the government had nothing to do with it. But that was not the end. Subsequently the woman was threatened and abused until she was forced to flee from the city for her safety.

A preacher undertook to inveigh against the machine. A parishioner of his owned a chain of stores. One day this man was told his permit to do business had been revoked. He inquired the reason. "We do not like your minister," he was told. "Change your minister and you will get your permit back." Other members of the congregation had their assessments increased. Some were trebled. "Change your minister," these persons were told when they complained.

We know that the man we are about to see lifts men to high office with the utmost arrogance and the utmost contempt for all but the form of democratic processes. "I will make you mayor," "I will make you governor," "I will get you a seat in the Senate of the United States," he says.

In the fall of 1932, the Democratic candidate for governor died. There was a meeting of the Democratic State Committee. It was informed that the deceased candidate should be succeeded, by order of the boss, by an obscure Platte County circuit judge, Guy B. Park. The committee affixed the rubber stamp.

In 1934, there was to be an election for the United States Senate. There was also to be an election for Collector of Jackson County. To this latter post, a county judge (an adminis-

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trative, not a judicial, post), Harry Truman, passionately aspired. It was a job paying a large sum of money, and Truman could use the money. The boss was sorry. He could not endorse Truman for the collectorship but he would put him in the United States Senate. He did. In doing so, he defeated one of the finest public servants Missouri has produced — Congressman John J. Cochran, chosen in a poll of Washington correspondents some time ago as one of the five or six most useful members of Congress. (Fortunately for the public, Cochran got a place on the ticket, and was re-elected to the lower house.) In the senatorial primary, believe it or not, the county judge who wanted to be a collector polled 120,180 votes in Kansas City; and a brilliant and tremendously popular veteran, Mr. Cochran, got 1,221 votes.

Such is the power of the man we are about to see.

Suppliants at the Throne

We move through the large room into an antechamber. It is choked with a line of people, some of the three or four hundred who will call on the boss this morning. It is a cross-section of all types, from the neatly groomed aspirant to the boss's favor to the disheveled importunate. It winds its way into the small office of Captain Elijah Matheus. Cap is an old-time steamboat pilot. He is of huge proportions. They call him the boss's secretary.

As we stand here, we notice that the boss's callers are quickly disposed of. The door to his private sanctum closes and opens, a caller leaves, a heavy voice from within says, "Who's next?"

Most of the boss's callers say: "Will you?" "May I?" "Please give me — ." The answer is "Yes," or, "No." Long-winded palaver is distasteful to the boss. Talk is for editors, lawyers, and other persons far removed from the arena of immediate action.

We want to ask the boss some questions. We want his philosophy of life. We are not wanted here. Let us then be as quick about it as possible. Let us even spare his time completely by constructing a synthetic interview of what he has said brusquely to other interviewers from time to time.

But, if we pretend we have arrived in the inner sanctum, we find the man in the oil painting sitting before us on the edge of a swivel chair. He is dressed sedately. His hat is on. He seems to be about to spring. It is not the tautness of strained nerves, merely the barely repressed energy of a person whose physical movements are of tigerish speed.

Before we permit his piercing gaze to fix our own, we note quickly that the room is elaborately unpretentious. It is tiny, twelve by twelve. It has a green rug, a roll-top desk, a couple of chairs, and a brass cuspidor. We get a fleeting glimpse of a framed cartoon. It is a cartoon, printed in the *Kansas City Star* many years ago, showing the late Jim Pendergast, brother of Tom, holding the First Ward vote of Kansas City in a box.

An irony in that cartoon. The man who now impatiently demands our business holds the vote of the entire State of Missouri in a box.

The Monarch's Creed

What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"Mr. Pendergast," we begin, "you are a great power in this State. You were recently called in the *New York Times*, in an article written by its Washington correspondent, Arthur Krock, the most powerful boss in America and one of the most interesting citizens of America."

"Well!"

"We want to know something about you, about your philosophy, if not of life, of politics. You are a realist, are you not?"

"What do you mean?"

"You take a practical view of things?"

"That's me."

"Why did you go into politics?"

"I went into politics because it appealed to me and it looked like a good business. My brother, Jim, was in politics, and I started helping him. We got along because we made friends and because we gave the people good men. How could we get along in Kansas City for fifty years without giving the people good men?"

"Mr. Pendergast, we notice a long line of people waiting to see you. Do you see so many people every day?"

"I function year in and year out. I don't wait until three weeks before the election. I'm working all the time. I'm kind to people because I like to be. I never give an argument when a man comes in for a dollar and wants help. Maybe he's having an argument with his

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wife he wants settled — you'd be surprised how many men come in to get things like that fixed up. Maybe he wants a job. I always go out of my way to help."

"So you believe it is the function of the head of a political organization to help people?"

"What's the government for if it isn't to help people? They're interested only in local conditions, not about the tariff or the war debts. They want consideration for their troubles in their own house, across the street, or around the corner. Something like paving, a water main, police protection, consideration for a complaint about taxes. They vote for the fellow who gives it to them. We never ask about their politics. We know pretty well how they'll vote after we help them."

"What are the methods by which you rose to power?"

"I've never bulldozed anybody and never let anybody bulldoze me. Newspapers, churches, reformers, or narrow-minded fellows — they can't bulldoze me. I have never changed my mind when I knew I was right and I have never broken my word. The biggest mistake a man can make is failing to keep his word. Sometimes I've been sorry I made a promise but I've always kept it. I'm just an ordinary fellow that was able to keep his word."

"When you endorse a man for office, Mr. Pendergast — and we understand most of the officeholders in Kansas City and in the State government, besides members of the Senate and House of Representatives, are of your choosing — do you exact any promises in advance?"

"If a candidate hasn't got sense enough to see who helped him win and hasn't sense enough to recognize that man's friends, there is no use asking for favors from that candidate in advance."

"But a little bit more, Mr. Pendergast, about your methods, if you please."

"There are no alibis in politics. The delivery of the votes is what counts. And it is efficient organization in every little ward and precinct that determines national as well as local elections. National elections, national politics are just Kansas City on a big scale. It boils down to the wards and precincts. The whole thing is to have an organization that functions in every ward and precinct. That's where the votes come from. The fundamental secret is to get the vote registered — and then get it out after it's registered. That's all there is to it. All the ballyhoo and showmanship such as they have at the national conventions is all right. It's a great show. It gives folks a run for their money. It makes everybody feel good. But the man who makes the organization possible is the man who delivers the votes, and he doesn't deliver them by oratory. Politics is a business, just like anything else."

"Thank you, Mr. Pendergast. We should like to ask a question or two more. We understand that Kansas City is one of the most wide-open towns in the United States. Is that true?"

"If by calling the city wide-open, you mean gambling and poker games where the poor man obtains his recreation just as the big men do in their clubs, it is wide-open. I wouldn't put a stop to it."

"A certain former lieutenant of yours, Mr. Pendergast, a man named Johnny Lazia, an ex-convict who was machine-gunned to death in July, 1934, was in trouble with the federal income-tax authorities in 1933. The case was mysteriously hushed up for a while, but later, on demand of a federal grand juror, it was prosecuted, and Lazia was convicted. Did you, on May 12, 1933, write this letter to Postmaster General James A. Farley?

> Dear Jim:
>
> Jerome Walsh and John Lazia will be in Washington to see you about the same matter that I had Mr. Kemper talk to you about. Now, Jim, Lazia is one of my chief lieutenants and I am more sincerely interested in his welfare than anything you might be able to do for me now or in the future. He has been in trouble with the Income Tax Department for some time. I know it was simply a case of being jobbed because of his Democratic activities. I think Frank Walsh spoke to the proper authorities about this. In any event, I wish you would use your utmost endeavor to bring about a settlement of this matter. I cannot make it any stronger, except to say that my interest in him is greater than anything that might come up in the future. Thanking you for any and everything you can do, I remain sincerely,
>
> Your Friend,
>
> *T. J. Pendergast.*

"Yes, I wrote it. I stand by it, too. I'd do it again and I'll stand by it."

Private Life of King Tom

Many questions about the boss are left unanswered, but let us now bow ourselves out. The boss has been indulgent enough in this synthetic interview, though on the subject of

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Johnny Lazia his eyes grew hard and narrow, and his voice rose in an angry roar.

It is almost noon as we leave him. He disposes quickly of the remainder of his callers and takes a light lunch, which is brought in to him. He then motors to the office of the Ready-Mixed Concrete Company. The boss owns this company. He also owns the T. J. Pendergast Liquor Company. Both are very prosperous.

It has been publicly charged that in no public building erected in Kansas City in the last ten years has there been used a single cubic yard of ready-mixed concrete except that furnished by the boss's company. One of the eyebrow-lifting uses to which it was put was to pave Brush Creek. Brush Creek is a rather harmless stream, which pursues its meandering course through Kansas City for about fifteen miles. For one reason or another it now has a concrete floor about 50 feet wide and a foot and a half thick. In many private construction projects, too, the contractors have decided to use the boss's concrete.

Let it be said of the T. J. Pendergast Liquor Company that it sells as much liquor as it cares to sell. If it wanted to, it could establish a monopoly in Kansas City, for no tavern owner could continue to do business if the forces of reprisal in the hands of the Pendergast machine were unleashed against him.

The boss is now through with politics for the day. At the office of the concrete company is a warning sign: *No politics discussed here.* He spends the afternoon at business and then he repairs to his home in a fashionable section of Kansas City. Unlike his office, the boss's home is handsome and richly furnished. No importunate callers follow the boss there. Even his key men dare not telephone or drop in. In the bosom of his family, consisting of a wife, a son, and two daughters, his privacy is inviolate.

Perhaps he will take an afternoon drive through the countryside with one of his daughters. But nine o'clock will find him in bed against a five o'clock rising to go through the grind once again at 1908 Main Street. No good fellowship. No late conferences. No carousing. No liquor. A monk in a monastery could maintain no more Spartan an existence.

One exception must be made to this. There is a race track — operated without benefit of legal sanction — at Riverside, near Kansas City, where he is to be found every afternoon when a meet is on. He loves to own horses and he loves to bet on them. This, the only personal vice of his later years, he indulges to an extreme. A New York racing paper estimated his losses in 1935 at $500,000. Nor does he confine his attendance to Riverside. He is to be found at Saratoga and at Churchill Downs, when the Kentucky Derby is run. Racing, and an occasional trip to Europe — with elaborate quarters on the newest luxury liner — are the breaks in his routine.

The Making of an American Dictator

WHAT ARE his roots?

The recorded annals of his childhood are short and simple. He was born July 22, 1872, at St. Joseph, Missouri, one of the nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pendergast. His father was a teamster employed by a St. Joseph dry-goods concern — others say he operated a small dray business of his own. In any event, it is doubtful whether the family income in Tom's youth often exceeded $50 a month.

Tom attended school at the old Christian Brothers' College, which has since been razed. Whether he ever graduated is something his surviving classmates cannot recall. At any rate, he later went to St. Mary's College in Kansas. On leaving there, he worked for a time in St. Joseph as a clerk in a railroad freight house, but was soon called to Kansas City by his brother Jim, who had found a foothold there as a saloonkeeper and politician. Tom began his Kansas City career at about the age of twenty.

As a youth, Tom was quiet and popular with his schoolmates. He was not inclined to start fights but, old friends say, he would permit no one to run over him, regardless of size or reputation. ("I've never bulldozed anybody and never let anyone bulldoze me.") He was so good a fist fighter he rarely had to prove it in St. Joseph, but it was a quality he later found to advantage in the First Ward of Kansas City. He was not a leader at school; he was below average in his studies but never failed to pass. What largely distinguished him as a youngster was his ability as a baseball player.

Around the saloon of Jim Pendergast in the

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mauve decade the political life of the First Ward revolved. Only the blurred memories of the old-timers remain to sketch what the Pendergast brothers were like in those days, but every student of American political history knows how the old saloonkeeper and precinct captain and ward heeler operated. Fist fights. Free lunch. A basket of coal. Menial jobs distributed here and there. Sodden figures in flophouses and tragic inmates of tenements.

A picture of Tom in the early days is now and then resurrected. John Rogers, then a young reporter, who was later to carve out a brilliant career in newspaper work and to win a Pulitzer Prize, was on his rounds in the First Ward late one night prior to an election day when he saw a strange sight. A powerfully built man, whom he afterward identified as Tom Pendergast, was walking up and down before a polling place directing the placing of chairs along the sidewalk. The man barked his orders. The chairs were lined up on both sides of the polling place, reaching to the door. Some of them were already occupied by derelicts, to whom coffee and sandwiches were passed. By the time the polls opened, these chairs were filled with adherents of Tom and his brother Jim. It was their job not only to vote but to hold the line intact to discourage Pendergast enemies from voting. When late-coming Pendergast allies arrived while voting was in progress, they were admitted to the line, while opponents were kept to the rear.

Crowning Glories

By the time he died in 1911, Jim was undisputed master of the First Ward, and control readily passed to Tom. Tom then was an alderman, in which position he served from 1908 to 1915. He had previously been a street commissioner, in the administration of Mayor, later Senator, James A. Reed, and was Marshal of Jackson County from 1902 to 1904.

To Jim's Plato, Tom played the role of Aristotle. The pupil far surpassed the teacher. Whereas Jim was content to be master of a single ward, Tom used his power there as a lever to extend his control throughout the city, then into Jackson County. By 1930, he was able to deliver 50,000 votes for Democratic candidates, and that made him a statewide power. Two years later, of his slate, only one candidate failed to win.

The Democratic landslides of 1932, 1934, and 1936 consolidated the boss's power. In 1936, his candidate for governor received a plurality of 137,791 votes in Kansas City, a plurality greater than President Roosevelt's.

It appeared for a time that, at the very pinnacle of his career, the boss was not to enjoy its fruits. He became seriously ill at the Democratic National Convention last summer, and was confined to the hospital for many months. His lieutenants were seriously worried about the succession. Tweeds, Crokers, Vares, Pendergasts are not easy to replace.

But the man on the hospital bed was not through. He recently told a public official, who came whimpering to him after being criticized in the newspapers, to resign his $5,000 job and go home. The man resigned his $5,000 job and went home. And he has "requested" the new Governor of Missouri to reappoint another official whose conduct of his office was one of the hotly debated issues of the gubernatorial campaign.

He is back at the old stand. Again the worn stairs of the Jackson County Democratic Club sag under the weight of governors and senators and bankers and bums. Napoleon is now at Austerlitz.

But the epilogue remains to be written. Even now the forces of retribution are gathering. Though the Kansas City election and law-enforcement authorities fail to move in the public interest, the powerful arm of the federal government is now upraised. On December 14 last, Judge Albert L. Reeves instructed a federal grand jury to investigate the appalling election frauds in Kansas City. Judge Reeves said:

> When a dishonest vote is introduced into the ballot box, it tends to contaminate the whole government. A fraudulent ballot is a common enemy, a canker gnawing from within. We cannot surrender our ballot box to plug-uglies and hoodlums who parade the streets with machine guns. We must not stand them any longer. I cannot sit quietly in my district and witness the open flouting of election laws.

Such was the tone of Judge Reeves's instructions. As he neared the close of his exhortation to the jury, he raised his right hand, with fist clenched, and said: "Gentlemen, reach for all, even if you find them in high authority. Move on them!"

Is the Duke of Wellington speaking?

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Dividends and Death

Why Isn't It Safe to Fly?

by **MALCOLM B. RONALD**

An airliner is roaring her way through murky weather over mountains. Their fastness is suddenly shattered by an appalling riot of sound. The plane was too low. There is a brilliant flash. Flames lick their way through debris. A dozen passengers are dead. In a few hours headlines blazon the grizzly news.

Young as air transportation is, this is an old story — too old. When it happens, the citizens shrug their shoulders and make trite remarks to the effect that planes "aren't safe yet." The newest crime story replaces the disaster in the headlines. And life goes on.

But an airliner, winging her way from Arizona, does a dive of death. This time it isn't just another airline crash — a United States senator is on board. He, like all mortals, must die when the ship strikes the ground with that terrifying force which converts a beautiful flying machine into a mass of junk. A senator may be mortal and subject to the same death as the rest of us. But when he is killed in a plane crash there is hell to pay. According to an old American custom, a congressional investigation is called. It plods its way through months of testimony.

There are more airline crashes. More people perish. The entrepreneurs of the airlines testify. Gloriously they pass the buck to the bureaucrats of the air-commerce branch of the United States Department of Commerce. Why shouldn't they? The bureaucrats are there to supervise commercial flying and keep it safe. When a planeload of passengers are suddenly snuffed out in grinding death, why shouldn't the bureaucrats be sacrificed as a burnt offering to appease congressional wrath? Isn't that why we have bureaucrats?

"The Department of Commerce radio beam was faulty." That is the cry of the airline magnates. So what?

Who has ever maintained the radio beams are infallible? Surely not the Department of Commerce. If an airline tried to use ten-year-old planes, how much business would it get? The radio beam is nearly that obsolete. But the traveling public is not aware of it.

When a radio beam hits a mountain, it splatters, just as the stream of water from a fire hose splatters when it hits the cliff-like wall of a burning building. And mountains are not the only obstructions which raise hob with a radio beam. It comes off rather badly when it tangles with an electrical storm. The significance of this is that the beam is most likely to fail when it is most needed.

At a congressional hearing, Eugene Vidal, director of the aeronautical branch of the Department of Commerce, explained the shortcomings of the beam. He pointed out on that occasion that the number of federal jobholders in each radio-beam station can be multiplied by 30 but the physical laws which make radio beams undependable under certain conditions still can't be changed.

A public servant possessed of the forthright qualities indicated by this condemnation of the hiring of more bureaucrats deserves some sort of reward. Instead, the bosses of the airlines have striven mightily to put him on the spot as the archvillain of air disasters. They sponsored reams of testimony to prove that government air-navigation aids have failed.

Pathways Through the Air

But when it is admitted that under some circumstances the radio beam fails because of natural laws which govern the action of electromagnetic waves, you have only part of the story about the radio beam. Even when it functions perfectly, it still has a serious shortcoming.

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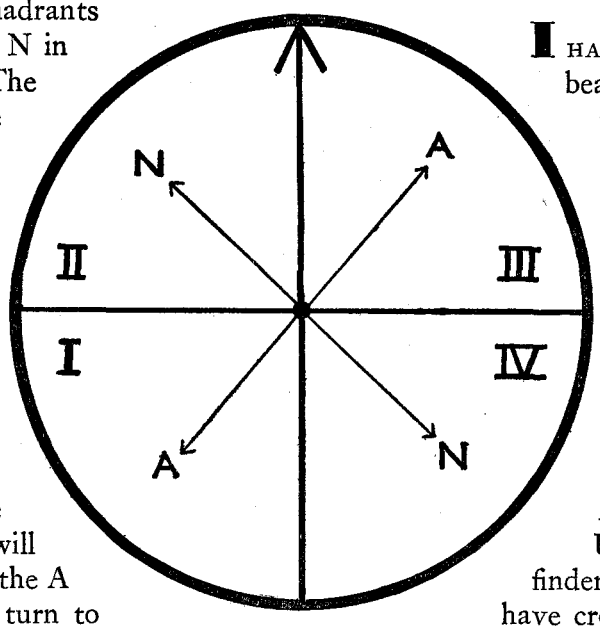
The term radio *beam* is a misnomer. It leads one to believe that radio waves are sent out along the course and that all the pilot must do is stay within this beam of ethereal rays. Unfortunately the nature of radio waves does not permit such an ideal arrangement.

Imagine a series of gigantic pies of 200-mile radius laid side by side across the country and you have some idea of the real nature of the so-called radio beam. Think of one pie, straight in front of you, marked off into quarters, with one of the lines which divide the pie in half pointing straight away from you. Number the quarters of the pie in a clockwise direction, beginning at the bottom and to your left.

Now think of a radio broadcasting station at the center of the pie sending out the letter A in Morse code in quadrants I and III and the letter N in quadrants II and IV. The line which runs from the bottom of the diagram straight away from you represents the pilot's true course. So as he flies from the bottom of the pie toward the center he will get the signals A and N with equal intensity if he is on his course. If he is to the right of the course, he will get the N stronger than the A and will know he must turn to the left to get back on his course. If he is to the left of the course, he will get the A signal stronger than the N and must turn to the right to get back on "true course."



When he passes over the station at the center of the pie, the pilot enters what is known as the cone of silence. That is, he gets no signal. So he knows that thereafter, during the rest of his flight across the gigantic radio-wave pie, the A and N signals will be reversed.

But unfortunately airline pilots are only human. Like the rest of us, they sometimes get lost in the air. Suppose a pilot is lost.

He is really flying in quadrant IV but thinks he is in quadrant III. He picks up the radio beam, and the N signal is coming in stronger than the A, so he decides he must be to the left of his course, in quadrant II. He turns right to get back on his course. But he is actually in quadrant IV and is turning away from true course, not toward it. As it happens, there is a mountain to his right. He flies into it and he and his passengers die because he got lost, as the best of pilots will occasionally do.

When the Department of Commerce started its radio beam, the purpose was to provide a safety precaution for pilots who might be trapped by bad weather. There was no thought of offering a means of flying in any sort of weather. But the airlines seized upon it as a means of clearing their planes in poor flying weather. That is done despite warnings issued by the Department concerning the unreliability of the beam in some regions.

The Pan-American System

I have stated that the radio beam is obsolete. That is true, because a far better method of using radio to lead an airplane through murky weather has been devised and proved by a half-dozen years of practical application: namely, the radio direction finder used by Pan-American Airways.

Using their own direction finders, Pan-American ships have crossed oceans, penetrated tropical weather disturbances, and carried passengers and mail safely for millions of miles. They have been operating for eight years, and in that time only three passengers have been killed on their lines.

The direction-finder system used by Pan-American Airways is more complicated than the simple beam. The personnel requires far more training. But, once the necessary skill to use it has been acquired, it can't go wrong. Each of the ships carries a wireless-telegraph transmitter which has a range of 2,000 miles. At fifteen-minute intervals a signal is sent to a direction-finding station at the base. By the use of a loop aerial, the direction finder on land gets exactly the direction of a line from the base to the soaring seaplane. By periodic signals and the use of trigonometry, the navigators of the

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ship know exactly where they are every minute.

The radio beam on the mainland remains an emergency proposition. In good weather the pilots fly by landmarks, and at night they are guided from city to city by beacon lights. Only when the ceiling drops to zero or thereabouts are they forced to get up out of the "soup" and "ride the beam." True, they practice using it from time to time. But it was originally, after all, to be used only in case of emergency and as a safety precaution.

The system used by Pan-American is not an emergency measure. There is no other way to guide the Clipper ships as they roar through a vast sky over miles of sea. Their use of radio to find the course is a day-in and day-out affair. It is routine. Results: Pan-American navigators find navigation problems the same in fair weather and in foul. So when the weather gets dirty they carry on their tasks with the same methodical efficiency and serenely fly their giant ships to their destinations with an uncanny accuracy.

The accuracy of the Pan-American direction finder is not marred by intervening mountains or electrical disturbances. And it offers another point of superiority over the radio-beam system: A Pan-American ship can leave her course to detour around a bad storm center without getting lost. The pilot who is flying the radio beam can't do that.

In severe storms there is always a comparatively small center where the air conditions are so violent as to make flying dangerous. Pilots have enough knowledge of meteorology, and are given enough information on weather by radio so that they can tell when to go around a storm instead of through or over it. But, once a pilot who is flying the radio beam leaves his course to go around a storm center, he has only a complicated way of knowing his location. The radio beam gives him only the correct course. So, when the pilot gets away from his course, he is also away from the beam and has to resort to an involved orientation problem. In the violent winds and zero visibility which accompany a storm, working out such a problem is a gamble.

Thus a pilot facing a storm center that is so bad it is unsafe for flying faces a Hobson's choice. He can leave his course — and the radio beam — and take the chance of flying into a mountain. Or he can stay on his course and gamble on fighting it out with the storm.

This choice doesn't often confront an airline pilot. The airlines have a comprehensive weather service, supplemented by federal weather reports. When a storm center looms dead ahead on the course, the pilot cancels his trip. That is one reason Pan-American has such a good record of completed schedules. Pan-American pilots can detour around a storm center without getting lost. The overland lines, which depend on the beam, can't do that.

But man's knowledge of weather phenomena is limited. An uncharted storm center can confront a pilot in the middle of his run. I think it is likely that some crashes have been caused by such sudden storm centers putting the pilot on a spot where he was likely to come to grief no matter which decision he made — to go around the disturbance and take a chance of getting lost or to stay with the beam and battle the storm.

Flying Guinea Pigs

If the Pan-American system is so much better, why do the lines on the mainland stick to the radio beam? I wouldn't attempt to say but I can see reasons which might be considered important by an airline executive.

As our patriotic anthems testify, America is the land of the free. Consequently, the Republic's citizens feel they should get anything they want from the government — absolutely free. And the radio-beam system comes to the airlines in the traditional American fashion — free.

But to ask the government to provide the system used by Pan-America would be a bit crusty even in a nation where the federal government and good old Saint Nicholas are becoming more or less synonymous. The radio direction-finder system calls for a tremendous personnel. Each airliner must be individually escorted to her destination.

If the airlines paid for it themselves, the radio direction finder would cost much coin of the realm. Every plane would have to be equipped with a fairly expensive wireless-telegraph transmitting set. An extensive ground crew and costly radio equipment would be needed. Obviously such an outlay would cut down dividend payments.

But the shortcomings of the radio beam constitute only one cause of airline fatalities.

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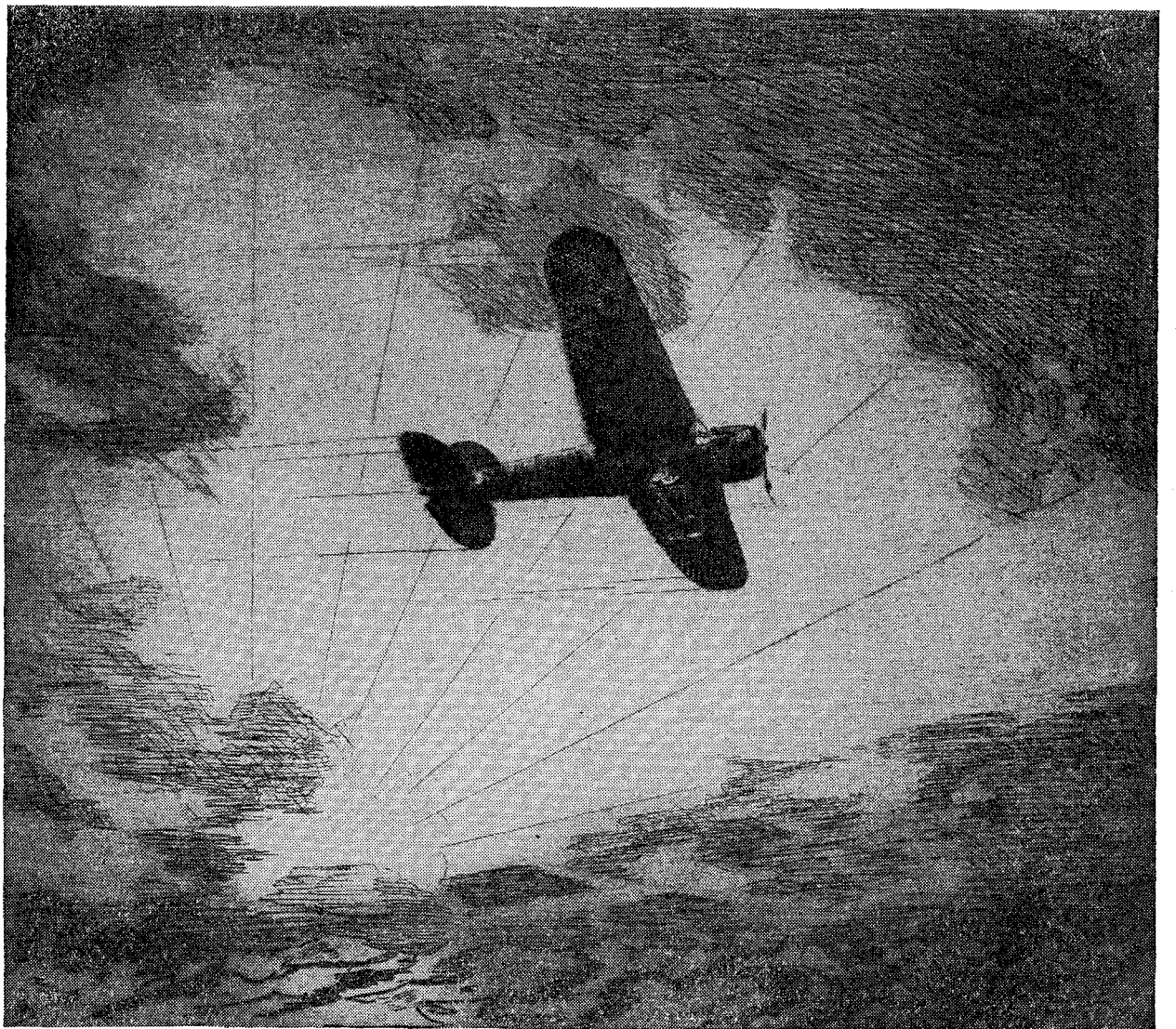

Etching by Wayne Davis — *Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries*

This radio-beam attitude on the part of the airline operators is indicative of their approach to other problems. There is intense competition among the lines. Each company hopes to make the best record of completed trips. Each company wants the fastest service. It is believed that the company which makes the best record in these respects will enjoy the most business, and thus the dividend collectors will be pleased, and the value of the company's stock will be enhanced.

The airplane, if it is used within the limitations which govern it, is the safest known means of high-speed transportation. Weather remains the greatest limitation. That limitation is being constantly widened. But there is always a zone in this weather limitation which remains experimental today, even though it will be proved tomorrow. Within ten years, there is reason to believe that flying will be weather-proof. But, under the present set-up, it is not.

And the airlines insist on invading the borderline zone of operations. That means that in effect they are making *human guinea pigs out of the traveling public.*

The unfortunate fact is that it appears to be good business to do exactly that. Three days after a major airline crash I had occasion to take a trip by air. I asked several officials if the crash had had any adverse effect on ticket sales. They all reported that there was a slight falling off the day after the crash. The second day, travel was back to normal. There you have the answer. If airline patrons are willing to be used for experimental purposes, why should the lines balk at so using them?

Politics Rears an Ugly Head

This question inevitably arises: The air-commerce branch of the United States De-

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partment of Commerce is charged with promoting safety in air transportation; why does it permit the airlines to make guinea pigs out of the public?

When you raise that point, you get at the root of the whole problem of airline safety. In the recent congressional hearings, the airline representatives made a great point of the failure of the radio aids and blamed this on politics in the air-commerce department of the government. To be sure there probably is politics. What organization is not afflicted with office politics? From a responsible source in Washington I learn that certain airline operators have resort to real politics when and if they do not get what they want or their operations are interfered with.

The air-commerce bureau receives, at times, reports that certain airlines are "crowding" their pilots. This is what I mean by pilot crowding: Assume a pilot who is due at Newark airport at 10:21 P.M. arrives at 10:29.

He is greeted with a brusque inquiry: "Well, where have you been?"

"Oh, the beam went screwy, and I had to take time for an orientation problem." (That means he got lost and had to find himself.)

"So you don't know how to ride the beam," he is told. "Maybe you had better go back to school for a while."

To prevent pilot crowding, the department has made it a regulation that the pilot is in command of a ship and has the last word as to whether it is safe to fly or not. If he orders a trip canceled, even the president of the company can't countermand his order. But let a pilot cancel too many trips to suit the bosses of his company. He may soon find himself an ex–airline pilot. Fortunately, all airlines are not guilty of forcing pilots to fly in doubtful weather or under doubtful conditions, for the sake of completing schedules on time.

To return to my story, when the Bureau of Air Commerce hears of any such crowding, steps are taken to stop it. However, extreme caution must be exercised with such operators, or they will bring pressure to bear on the inspectors. Happily, in the end, the operators are generally convinced of the advisability of complying with regulations and forgoing the pressure technique.

Which kind of politics is more damaging to airline safety? Is it the office politics in the Bureau of Air Commerce? Or is it the kind of politics the airlines bring to bear on the Bureau when it is merely carrying on its function of regulating air transportation?

Airline pilots have recently formed an association to protect their interests. One of the goals of their organization is to get the airline-inspection division moved from the Bureau of Air Commerce to the Interstate Commerce Commission. They don't advertise the reason for that part of their program. But the truth is that they want a regulating body that will not be subject to political pressure every time it crosses some airline operator.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission issues an order to railroads, they don't begin a barrage of telephone calls to congressmen. They do as they are told.

The record made by Pan-American Airways indicates that there is now enough technical knowledge available to make it possible to conduct air transportation that is virtually as safe as rail travel. However, Pan-American should not be too sanctimonious about its record. The company operates over routes where there is no government help available. So it had to stand on its own feet and has developed a system of operation which is far superior to anything the government can maintain. Had Pan-American been given the same opportunity as the overland lines to lean on the government, the story might have been different. The Pan-American boys are always careful to get their full share of fat air-mail subsidies.

Airline crashes can be avoided, but the lines will have to put safety ahead of everything else — including dividends. It will cost money to obtain real safety.

In writing this article I am not revealing anything that hundreds of pilots do not know. But I think it is time somebody spilled the beans. And I hope the Air Line Pilots' Association is successful in its campaign to get airline regulation put under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

In their early days, the railroads had about the same attitude toward safety that the airlines now have. But the roads were forced to spend money to make railroad travel safe. The airlines will have to do the same thing, sooner or later. If the I.C.C. gets the job of regulating them, I think it will be sooner. And, if so, plenty of lives will be saved.

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Will Women Enslave Men?

by **ELSA GIDLOW**

Because men appear to be, on the whole, rather nice people and occasionally rational, I should like to see them saved from a fate that seems likely to overtake them unless they mend their ways. I am thinking especially of their ways with women. Unless they are clever enough not to fall again into an error to which they are constitutionally prone and have only recently shown signs of correcting, they face the ignominious possibility of becoming slaves. The fact that the enslavement may take a form that will reserve to them their vanity will only weld the neck chain the more securely.

It all began a long time ago. Nature played rather a horrid trick on the people we call women. Taking advantage of it, the people we call men have from the start made a concerted and consistent attempt to enslave women in almost all countries and in all times — whether out of sheer cussedness, out of the too human love of exercising power over others, or because they thought God told them to I will not venture to say; but the fact is history.

Now for several centuries the wind has been changing. At the present time, despite reactions in some countries to a dark-ages attitude toward the relations of men and women and the relations of both to society, the danger is not so much that women will be re-enslaved as that men, especially in the United States, will quietly and unostentatiously become the slaves, the "workers" for women.

If this danger materializes it will be largely the result of men's vanity, selfishness, lazy dislike of change, and stubbornness in declining to realize that an ancient racket has ended. In a lesser degree it will be owing to women's failure to fight hard enough to maintain their rights as individuals and so being forced to indirect rather than direct exercise of power.

In one way or another, every creature must feel that it has power over its environment. For the adult human being, that means, first of all, economic power in some form. The need to exercise other kinds of power manifests itself when the primary conquest of the means of life has been made or has been frustrated. It appears to be the first impulse of every normal creature to exercise power directly. Indirectness is learned when directness fails, is blocked or denied by some stronger force.

With the present-day emphasis on doing rather than on being, most women, like most men, prefer direction to indirection; and the joys of work are more appreciated than the joys of leisure. People who want leisure now want it, as a rule, not for its own sake but in order to indulge in some more subtle form of work. Quite apart from the need of the possessor of healthy mental and physical faculties to exercise those faculties, American men and women have been trained (not only by advertising) to take for granted certain standards of physical well-being and comfort. Women would abandon or lower these standards, especially where the care and privilege of their children are concerned, with even greater reluctance than the majority of men.

Therefore, if the present tendency to squeeze, bully, cajole or force women, married or unmarried, out of jobs or out of all jobs except the ones men do not want actually gains in public favor, there are already signs to indicate that women will take an unadvertised, silent, smiling, and terrible revenge: economic enslavement of the male population. Only a few idealists who prefer integrity to material advantage; the minority of rebellious, proud, gallant fighting ladies; and those clear-sighted enough to realize that any slave-owning class inevitably degenerates, deteriorates, and falls will refuse to participate in this indirect exercise of economic power.

For the first time in history such enslavement is possible on a large scale. There is little

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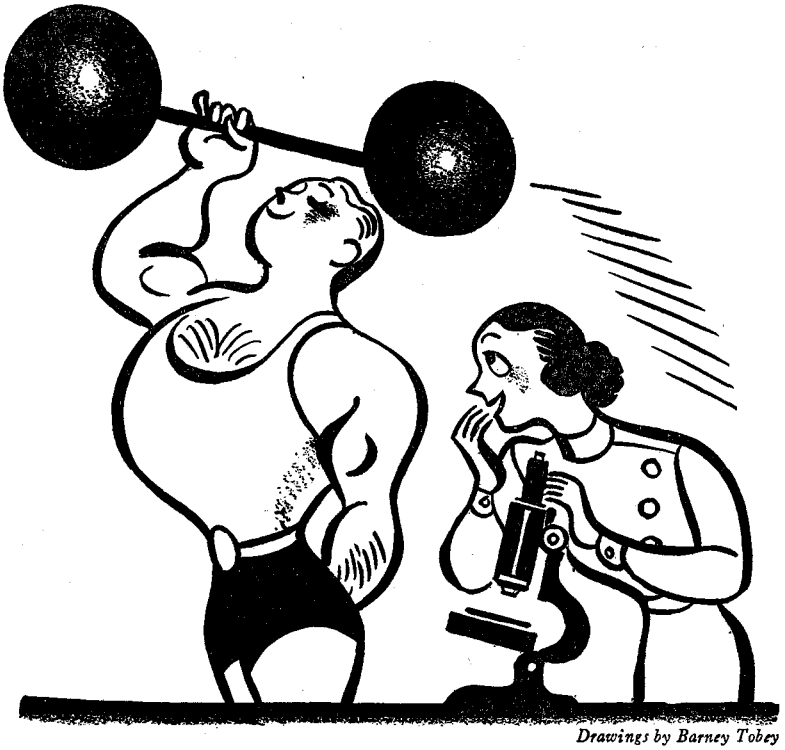
doubt that it has existed in scattered instances, in varying degrees, throughout the centuries. Perhaps some matriarchies were a form of masculine enslavement. The factors that now make this form of slavery possible and highly probable, if men persist in their reactionary tendencies are: (1) feminine control over the reproductive instinct, relieving women of the deadening burden of unwilling or excessive childbearing and thus giving them increased power to exploit men emotionally — if the ladies are ungallant enough to use that power or are driven to it because every desirable means of self-support and self-expression is closed to them; (2) modern science and technology, which place the emphasis on intelligence rather than on brute strength; (3) enlightened morality.



Drawings by Barney Tobey

Out of the Kitchen

In progressive countries, nature's curse on women has been largely if not completely lifted. The conspiracy to deceive women into regarding a handicap as a privilege and a glory no longer works with any but the most sentimental or the most stupid. Physically, women have been freed so that they are perfectly capable of taking and in most instances willing to take their chances in the economic struggle for existence, so long as the game is being fairly played. (The game is not being fairly played when equal wages are not paid for equal work and when there is discrimination against women to prevent them, despite ability and training, from obtaining the more interesting and remunerative jobs.)

Trustworthy economists have shown over and over during the past few years that there never has been anything like overproduction in the United States or elsewhere, so that no one who respects facts can argue that, in the interest of society as a whole, women should gracefully retire to the Home (whose home?), leaving what jobs there are to men. On the contrary, it seems to be agreed among the people who do the soundest, most enlightened thinking that increase, not decrease, of production is desirable. Thinking women realize this, and their attitude toward current trends is formed accordingly. But even women who do not take the trouble to think things out on a larger-than-personal scale still rebel against semi-idleness, against trivial, socially useless occupations or the squandering of superior ability on tasks that some unemployed domestic worker would cheerfully do for 35 cents an hour.

As a matter of fact, women cannot "return to the home" even if they wish to, because the Home has become largely a state of mind within people who do not change their mental furniture when it is obsolete. Many people who talk nostalgically about women in the Home seem to forget that the home, in addition to its other virtues, was once an economic unit in which men and women, not to mention children, played their respective, equally important, productive parts. When "industry" moved out of the home to workshops and then to factories, men were the first to follow because they were freer to do so, women still being handicapped by the enforced privilege of motherhood whether they liked it or not. Vast numbers of jobs now done in factories — like weaving, knitting, sewing, spinning, canning, preserving, baking, churning, cheese making, and an endless list of other productive activities — were originally women's jobs, done in the home.

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It would not take much investigation to reveal that, actually, men have stolen many more jobs from women than women have as yet been able to steal back from men. As soon as women were sufficiently freed from what looks like deliberate miseducation, prejudice, and nature's tyranny, they followed the jobs out of the home. It was economically necessary that this should happen, for surely men alone, supporting in the home large families of idle or semi-idle daughters, wives, and mothers, could not have constructed and kept going the great industrial society with which Americans arrived at the commencement of the depression. Modern industry needed women, just as women, like men, needed and have always needed to express themselves through work as well as through the exercise of their biological functions. The word *work* is used in its widest sense, to include all forms of manual, mental, and so-called spiritual activity.

If any serious attempt is made in America to follow Mussolini's and Hitler's method of sidetracking the troublesome economic problem of unemployment by victimizing (among other classes) women, there is every indication that those who do not turn to communism (no woman with a sense of proportion and a spark of loyalty to her sex would tolerate fascism) will find indirect means of attaining security and economic power. The easiest of these means is emotional exploitation of men. For this eventuality, some women, probably anticipating the coming of fascism to America, are already deliberately and consciously preparing themselves and their daughters. One result, if circumstances encourage the tendency, will be enslavement of the male, a process which some European and Oriental observers suspect has been slyly under way in the United States of America for some time.

The First Domestic Slave

Let any man who thinks this is a pleasant joke and who, secure in his vanity, forgets that the only reason he was ever able to keep women in a state of subjection and comparative docility was because nature played into his hands compare the position of his American sister with that of an earlier Eve.

With Eve fast caught in the biological trap, it was easy for Adam to throw a few more bonds around her, seize the world, label it his, sit on top, and have every new little Eve taught that he was there by divine right and that if she wanted a slice of his world she had better behave herself and do as she was told. It is not difficult but rather saddening to imagine our primitive Eve standing with reluctant, very reluctant feet "where the brook and river meet," a bow and arrow in her hands, the wild wind of freedom blowing through her heart even as it blew through her brother's, the hound pawing at her feet unable to understand why this morning she hesitates and pats him absently while the deer run unpursued in the hills. How can he know that to his light-footed, lighthearted mistress, nature has given intimations of grave responsibility?

Adam is off in the woods whooping it up with the dogs, quite as free as ever and as feather-hearted, although he is older than Eve and ate, if anything, a little more of the apple. (Certainly he did not say, "That is a worm-eaten apple, my dove; let the pigs have it." He crunched it with considerable gusto.) Now, from far off, come the echoes of his shouts. The fierce music of the hounds drags the girl's heart out to the hills. Freedom. The wind in her hair. Is that ended? Nobody has tamed her. She is full of rebellion. "Come!" A slap of the bow against her brown legs. The dog leaps forward, Eve after him, and for the first time she flies not after the deer but from her thoughts.

Adam has never been quite easy in his heart about this wildness of Eve's. Who could tell in what direction she might take it into her head to run? He is not pleased that she forgets him in her untamed play, though he cherishes the luxury of forgetting her if he feels her safely his; besides, he would enjoy his tasks more if she were standing by to watch, to see how well *he* does it, to praise and admire. So, when she begins to sit at home, quiet and a little heavier, he is not ashamed of his feeling of triumph. He goes out now with greater confidence; for whenever he returns she is there, and, to him, the glint in her eyes does not say, "I have been tricked." He does not know she has hidden her bow and arrows in a hollow tree and that she goes sometimes to look at them with a pain in her breast nor why she has bound her hair against the wind. He begins to take her docility for granted, petting and nourishing a new sense of power.

Then one day he returns, and Eve is not

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alone. The newcomer undoubtedly is a miracle and a marvel. Adam takes considerable credit for him. Eve says nothing, only smiles, and, if Adam is too idiotically happy to wonder what that may mean, let it be overlooked; he may never feel so powerful again.

To Eve comes a faint, half-understood conviction that she has been doubly tricked because the newcomer seems to her, too, strangely wonderful and his helplessness completes her conquest. She learns fear also, not for herself but for the child. She is strong and skillful, she can hunt like a lioness, but while she is away hunting for him where can she hide this naked, helpless cub to keep him warm and safe?

Does Adam read her thoughts? Is he, too, stirred by the sight of this helplessness to surrender a portion of his freedom? Has a voice whispered: "Adam, you ate a good half of the apple"? Does he hope to perpetuate forever the important, powerful emotion that expands his veins, or is some of the trickery of nature working secretly in his cells to bend him also and without too much rebellion to her will? He says to Eve: "Stay here, look after him, feed him, keep him warm. I will hunt for both of you."

Eve enters the trap baited by love and pity.

Will she ever again be free? "When he is strong, when he is big," she says to the hound who sniffs at the unfamiliar bundle, "then we will run on the hills once more; and he will run with us." But of this she says nothing to Adam. Instead, thinking of the child who must be made strong, she tells Adam he is the mightiest of hunters, the bravest of men and the most devoted. The boy will grow up to be like him. By her praise Adam is indeed made stronger and braver. He finds this milder domestic and guileful Eve indispensable.

The Chain Reinforced

THEN ONE morning he comes home early with a fine catch, and no Eve is there to exclaim; the cave is empty, the fire only a red seed in the ashes. His dread is boundless, his self-confidence wavers, and, so that he may not fully realize how powerless he feels, anger comes to his aid, pouring stimulant into his blood to give him, despite his trembling knees, the illusion of mastery. He rushes out of the cave brandishing a spear, just as the sound of barking is heard, and from the circle of young oaks comes Eve, hair loose, with flushed cheeks, the boy running at her side to keep pace with her swift strides, while the dogs dance in circles and bark for joy. Eve carries a brace of hares and a limp cock pheasant.

"Abominable woman, where have you been?" the trembling Adam thunders, "neglecting your work, letting the fire die, while you go shamelessly over the hills with your tunic up and your hair unbound. Don't I bring home enough to eat?"

He tries to snatch the bow from her hands, but she jumps aside like a deer, loses herself among the trees, hides her beloved bow, makes a circle back to the cave, and when Adam catches up the

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look she turns on him has laughter in it.

Has she not seen the young doe out hunting with her fawn?

But Adam's fear and his hurt vanity make him weak, and his weakness must be masked by fury. Not gently he seizes Eve and drags her to the cave. "Here you stay," he bellows, "build up the fire, smoke the meat. If I catch you out there again I'll beat you, I'll kill you."

"That is a fine young boar you speared," Eve says softly. "Much better than my little rabbits and my bird."

"If you prefer the taste of rabbit and pheasant, why didn't you tell me?" he grumbles, growing once more big in his own eyes. "Tomorrow I will bring you some doves."

Eve does not confide in him that it was not for the taste of rabbit or pheasant that she went with her bow into the hills. Her heart is still beating from the chase, and she has almost forgotten nature's trap, whose teeth have relaxed. She loves Adam all the better for having completely forgotten him for a time; but close her eyes to the wideness of the horizon — ! She laughs to herself.

Adam looks sulkily at the bulging muscles of his arms; but, if he has learned the dubious mastery of force, she has learned ways to punish him if he exercises it unjustly. Adam is not as serene and secure in his happiness as he has been: Eve can hunt as well as a cat with kittens. What if she should realize how little need she has of him?

Does guile enter into Adam's mind, or is nature alone to blame? Adam is not altogether surprised and far from sorry when again Eve stays closer to the cave, grown pensive and large. Sure of her once more, he can allow his mind to turn to other things, enjoy the luxury of neglecting her a little.

Does motherhood make Eve milder, less independent, or is it rather that fear for her young teaches her sublety, renders her amenable to compromise? By the time her cubs are half a dozen, Adam is able to make a pact with Eve. She gives him her bow and arrow.

Slavery Becomes Traditional

Thus Adam learned to use his economic power, which the growth and complication of society reinforced enormously. The realization of what had taken place must have been depressing to Eve, since it put her in two traps instead of one. No wonder if in the beginning her chief recourse was guile. An unbiased observer, if such can be imagined, must have admitted that any tactics Eve may have used to ensure the protection of herself and her young were justified, since it must have been a considerable time before society was able to come to her assistance and since at best, for ages, her acknowledged rights were few.

It is difficult to place Adam's behavior in a gallant light. It seems always to have been his nature to desire ecstasy without responsibility. Eve has the seeds of the same impulse, but her superior sense of reality, growing out of her more intimate collaboration in nature's plan, forces her to know this may not be — a burdensome knowledge.

Was it profound wisdom or reprehensible betrayal of her sex that caused Eve, looking speculatively at her first daughter while she remembered the conflicts of her own youth between rebellion against and acceptance of nature's will, to say, "I must make it easier for her," and to start a system of feminine education whose fruits have perhaps not yet fully ripened?

Adam, remembering his own troubles, doubtless had a hand in it and Adam was ever loyal to his sex. We can imagine him thinking, as he watches his daughter race through the woods with her brother and the hounds, "What a time *her* mate will have."

At the same moment Eve is thinking: "Poor child, when she finds out!" And then and there she decides on a little conditioning, though they probably had another name for it then. Eve keeps the girl home, talks to her about babies, teaches her to cherish the fire and prepare the grains and the meats, to stitch skins; teaches her to hide the fierceness of her heart; whispers to her about the husband she will have and how much he will love her, how hard he will work for her, if she is obedient and mild. Nature has entrusted to her a great task, a beautiful privilege. In return for her doing nature's work, man will work for her; so it is ordained. Talking thus, Eve almost deceives herself. After all, she is not as young as she used to be. The security of the cave, the lure of comfort loom large as the fascination of the hunt diminishes.

We should try to forgive our first mothers

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for this treachery; but it hardly appears surprising that the great-great granddaughters of Eve, after some centuries of conditioning and repression of natural instincts, should have found it necessary to invent hysterics. The sons of Adam may have found Eve's daughters in those middle times both troublesome and incomprehensible — there is no doubt of it; but there was never any serious menace to masculine mastery.

The circumstances are now somewhat changed. Our modern Eve may be regarded as frankly dangerous if forced into indirection. She has few illusions. She is aware of her power and is able to use it without herself being trapped. If compelled to, there seems every reason to believe she can and will use that power ruthlessly.

There is the situation, my brothers. Are you going to set the stage for your own enslavement?

Or will you be clever enough to say, "My sister, my spouse, perhaps we had better figure this thing out together and go fifty-fifty on the work and the fun."

I doubt it.

Next month:
"Adventure in Finance"

Why I Am a Pagan

***by* LIN YUTANG**

I AM A pagan. The statement may be taken to mean a revolt against Christianity; and yet *revolt* seems a harsh word and does not correctly describe the state of mind of a man who has passed through a very gradual evolution, step by step, away from Christianity, during which he has clung desperately, with love and piety, to a series of tenets which against his will were slipping away from him. Because there was never any hatred, therefore it would be impossible to speak of a rebellion.

Born in a pastor's family and at one time preparing for the Christian ministry, my natural emotions were on the side of religion during the entire struggle rather than against it. In this conflict of emotions and understanding, I gradually arrived at a position where I had, for instance, definitely renounced the doctrine of redemption, a position which could most simply be described as that of a pagan. It was and still is a condition of belief concerning life and the universe in which I feel natural and at ease, without having to be at war with myself. The process came as naturally as the weaning of a child or the dropping of a ripe apple on the ground; and when the time came for the apple to drop I would not interfere with its dropping. In Taoistic phraseology, this is but to live in the tao, and in Western phraseology it is but being sincere with oneself and with the universe, according to one's lights. I believe no one can be natural and happy unless he is intellectually sincere with himself, and to be natural is to be in heaven. To me, being a pagan is just being natural.

To be a pagan is no more than a phrase, like *to be a Christian*. It is no more than a negative statement, for to the average reader to be a pagan means only that one is not a Christian; and, since *being a Christian* is a very broad and

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ambiguous term, the meaning of *not being a Christian* is equally ill defined. Worse happens when one defines a pagan as one who does not believe in religion or in God, for we have yet to define what is meant by "God" or by the "religious attitude toward life." Great pagans have always had a deeply reverent attitude toward nature. We shall therefore have to take the word in its conventional sense and mean by it simply a man who does not go to church (except for an aesthetic inspiration, of which I am still capable), does not belong to the Christian fold, and does not accept its usual, orthodox tenets.

On the positive side, a Chinese pagan, the only kind of which I can speak with any feeling of intimacy, is one who starts out with this earthly life as all we can or need to bother about, wishes to live intently and happily as long as his life lasts, often has a sense of the poignant sadness of this life and faces it cheerily, has a keen appreciation of the beautiful and the good in human life wherever he finds them, and regards doing good as its own satisfactory reward. I admit, however, he feels a slight pity or contempt for the "religious" man who does good in order to get to heaven and who, by implication, would not do good if he were not lured by heaven or threatened with hell. If this statement is correct, I believe there are a great many more pagans in this country than are themselves aware of it. The modern liberal Christian and the pagan are really close, differing only when they start out to *talk* about God.

II

I THINK I know the depths of religious experience for I believe one can have this experience without being a great theologian like Cardinal Newman — otherwise Christianity would not be worth having or must have already been horribly misinterpreted. As I look at it at present, the difference in spiritual life between a Christian believer and a pagan is simply this: The Christian believer lives in a world governed and watched over by God, to whom he has a constant personal relationship, and therefore in a world presided over by a kindly father; his conduct is also often uplifted to a level consonant with this consciousness of being a child of God, no doubt a level which is difficult for a human mortal to maintain consistently at all periods of his life or of the week or even of the day; his actual life varies between living on the human and the truly religious levels.

On the other hand, the pagan lives in this world like an orphan, without the benefit of that consoling feeling that there is always someone in heaven who cares and who will, on establishing that spiritual relationship called prayer, attend to his private personal welfare. It is no doubt a less cheery world; but there is the benefit and dignity of being an orphan who by necessity has learned to be independent, to take care of himself, and to be more mature, as all orphans are. It was this feeling rather than any intellectual belief — this feeling of dropping into a world without the love of God — that really scared me till the very last moment of my conversion to paganism; I felt, like many born Christians, that if a personal God did not exist the bottom would be knocked out of this universe.

And yet a pagan can come to the point where he looks on that perhaps warmer and cheerier world as at the same time a more childish, I am tempted to say a more adolescent world; useful and workable, if one keep the illusion unspoiled, but no more and no less justifiable than a truly Buddhist way of life; also a more beautifully colored world but consequently less solidly true and therefore of less worth. For me personally, the suspicion that anything is colored or not solidly true is fatal. There is a price one must be willing to pay for truth; whatever the consequences, let us have it. This position is

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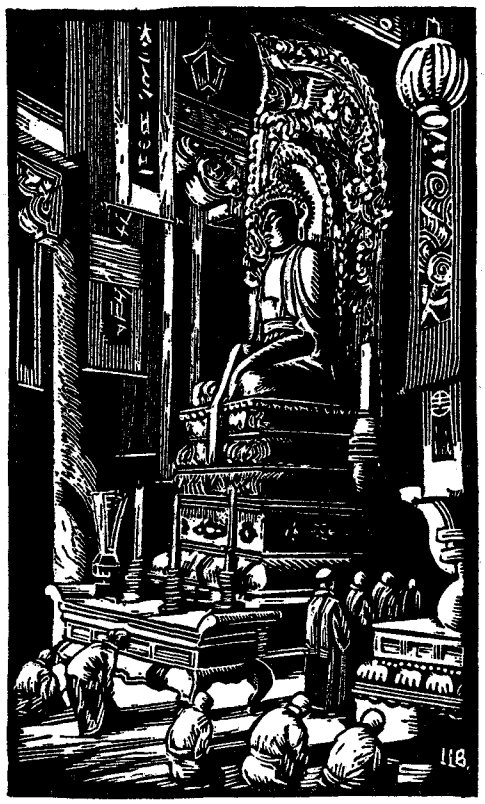
comparable to and psychologically the same as that of a murderer: if one has committed a murder, the best thing he can do next is to confess it. That is why I say it takes a little courage to become a pagan. But, after one has accepted the worst, one is also without fear. Peace of mind is that mental condition in which you have accepted the worst. (Here I see for myself the influence of Buddhist or Taoist thought.)

Or I might put the difference between a Christian and a pagan world like this: The pagan in me renounced Christianity out of both pride and humility, emotional pride and intellectual humility, but perhaps on the whole less out of pride than of humility. Out of emotional pride because I hated the idea that there should be any other reason for our behaving as nice, decent men and women than the simple fact that we are human beings; theoretically and if you want to go in for classifications, classify this as a typically humanist thought. But more out of humility, of intellectual humility, simply because I can no longer, with our astronomical knowledge, believe that an individual human being is so terribly important in the eyes of that great creator, living as the individual does, an infinitesimal speck of this earth, which is an infinitesimal speck of the solar system, which is again an infinitesimal speck of the universe of solar systems. The audacity of man and his presumptuous arrogance are what stagger me. What right have we to conceive of the character of a supreme being, of whose work we can see only a millionth part, and to postulate about his attributes?



III

THE IMPORTANCE of the human individual is undoubtedly one of the basic tenets of Christianity. But let us see what ridiculous arrogance that leads to in the usual practice of Christian daily life.

Four days before my mother's funeral, there was a pouring rain, and if it continued, as was usual in July in Changchow, the city would be flooded, and there could be no funeral. As most of us came from Shanghai, the delay would have meant some inconvenience. One of my relatives — a rather extreme but not an unusual example of a Christian believer in China — told me that she had faith in God, who would always provide for His children. She prayed, and the rain stopped, apparently in order that a tiny family of Christians might have their funeral without delay. But the implied idea that, but for us, God would willingly subject the tens of thousands of Changchow inhabitants to a devastating flood, as was often the case, or that He did not stop the rain because of them but because of us who wanted to have a convenient funeral struck me as an unbelievable type of selfishness. I cannot imagine God providing for such selfish children.

There was also a Christian pastor who wrote the story of his life, attesting to many evidences of the hand of God in his life for the purpose of glorifying God. One of the evidences adduced was that, when he had got together 600 silver dollars to buy his passage to America, God lowered the rate of exchange on the day this so very important individual was to buy his passage. The difference in the rate of exchange for 600 silver dollars could have been at most ten or twenty dollars, and God was willing to rock the bourse in Paris, London, and New York in order that this curious child of His might save ten or twenty dollars. Let us remind ourselves that this type of glorifying God is not at all unusual in any part of Christendom.

Oh, the impudence and conceit of man, whose span of life is but threescore and ten! Mankind as an aggregate may have a significant history, but man as an individual, in

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the words of Su Tungpo, is no more than a grain of millet in an ocean or an insect *fuyu* born in the morning and dying at eve, as compared with the universe. The Christian will not be humble. He will not be satisfied with the aggregate immortality of his great stream of life, of which he is already a part, flowing on to eternity, like a mighty stream which empties into the great sea and changes and yet does not change. The clay vessel will ask of the potter, "Why hast thou cast me into this shape and why hast thou made me so brittle?" The clay vessel is not satisfied that it can leave little vessels of its own kind when it cracks up. Man is not satisfied that he has received a body which provides for wireless vision and wireless hearing and which is a constantly self-renewing, self-repairing, and self-reproducing organism, installed at birth and requiring little attention for 70 years. He wants to live forever! And he will not let God alone! He wants God's sun to shine on Monday when he washes his babies' diapers and if he had his way he would want God to wash his diapers for him. He must say his prayers and he must pray daily for small personal gifts from the Source of All Things. Why can't he let God alone?

There was once a Chinese scholar who did not believe in Buddhism, and his mother who did. She was devout and would acquire merit for herself by mumbling, "Namu omitabha!" a thousand times day and night. But every time she started to call Buddha's name, her son would call, "Mamma!" The mother became annoyed. "Well," said the son, "don't you think Buddha would be equally annoyed, if he could hear you?"

IV

My father and mother were devout Christians. To hear my father pray at the evening family prayers was enough. And I was a sensitively religious child. As a pastor's son I received the facilities of missionary education, profited from its benefits, and suffered from its weaknesses. For its benefits I was always grateful and its weaknesses I turned into my strength. For according to Chinese philosophy there are no such things in life as good and bad luck.

I was forbidden to attend Chinese theaters, never allowed to listen to Chinese minstrel singers, and entirely cut apart from the great Chinese folk tradition and mythology. When I entered a missionary college, the little foundation in classical Chinese given by my father was completely stopped. Perhaps it was well — that later, after a completely westernized education, I could go back to it with the freshness and vigorous delight of a child of the West in an Eastern wonderland. The complete substitution of the fountain pen for the writing brush during my college and adolescent period was the greatest "break" I had and preserved for me the freshness of the Oriental mental world unspoiled, until I should come ready for it. If Mt. Vesuvius had not covered up Pompeii, Pompeii would not be so well preserved, and the imprints of carriage wheels on her stone pavements would not be so clearly marked today. The missionary college education was my Vesuvius.

Thinking was always dangerous. More than that, thinking was always allied with the devil. The conflict during the collegiate-adolescent period, which, as usual, was my most religious period, between a heart which felt the beauty of the Christian life and a head which had a tendency to reason everything away was taking place. Curiously enough, I can remember no moments of torment or despair, the kind that drove Tolstoy almost to suicide. At every stage, I felt myself a unified Christian, harmonious in my belief, only a little more liberal than the last, and accepting some fewer Christian doctrines. Anyway, I could always go back to the Sermon on the Mount. The poetry of a saying like *Consider the lilies of the field* was too good to be untrue. It was that and the consciousness of the inner Christian life that gave me strength.

But the doctrines were slipping away terribly. Superficial things first began to annoy me. The "resurrection of the *flesh*," long disproved when the expected second coming of Christ in the first century did not come off and the apostles did not rise bodily from their graves, was still there in the Apostles' Creed. This was one of those things.

Then, enrolling in a theological class and initiated into the holy of holies, I learned that another article in the creed, the virgin birth, was open to question, different deans in American theological seminaries holding different views. It enraged me that Chinese believers should be required to believe in this article

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before they could be baptized, while the theologians of the same church regarded it as an open question. It did not seem sincere and somehow it did not seem right.

Further schooling in meaningless commentary scholarship as to the whereabouts of the "water gate" and such minutiae completely relieved me of responsibility to take such theological studies seriously, and I made a poor showing in my grades. My professors considered I was no good for the Christian ministry, and the bishop thought I might as well leave. They would not waste their instruction on me. Again this seems to me now a blessing in disguise. I doubt, if I had gone on with it and put on the clerical garb, whether it would have been so easy for me to be honest with myself later on. But this feeling of rebellion against the discrepancy of beliefs required of the theologians and the average converts was the nearest kind of feeling to what I may call a "revolt."

By this time I had already arrived at the position that the Christian theologians were the greatest enemies of the Christian religion. Two great contradictions I could never get over. The first was that the theologians had made the entire structure of the Christian beliefs hang upon the existence of an apple. If Adam had not eaten an apple, there would be no original sin, and, if there were no original sin, there would be no need of redemption. That was plain to me, whatever the symbolic value of the apple might be. This seemed to me preposterously unfair to the teachings of Christ, who never said a word about the original sin or the redemption. Anyway, from pursuing literary studies, I feel, like all modern Americans, no consciousness of sin and simply do not believe in it. All I know is that if God loves me only half as much as my mother does he will not send me to hell. That is a final fact of my inner consciousness and for no religion could I deny its truth.

More preposterous still another proposition seemed to me. This was the argument that, when Adam and Eve ate an apple during their honeymoon, God was so angry that He condemned their posterity to suffer from generation to generation for that little offense but that, when the same posterity murdered the same God's only son, God was so delighted that He forgave them all. No matter how people explain and argue, I cannot get over this simple untruth. This was the last of the things that troubled me.

Still, even after my graduation, I was a zealous Christian and voluntarily conducted a Sunday school at Tsing Hua, a non-Christian college at Peking, to the dismay of many faculty members. The Christmas meeting of the Sunday school was a torture to me, for here I was passing on to the Chinese children the tale of herald angels singing upon a midnight clear when I did not believe it myself. Everything had been reasoned away, and only love and fear remained: a kind of clinging love for an all-wise God which made me feel happy and peaceful and suspect that I should not have been so happy and peaceful without that reassuring love and fear of entering into a world of orphans.

Finally, my salvation came. "Why," I rea-

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soned with a colleague, "if there were no God, people would not do good and the world would go topsy-turvy."

"What for?" replied my Confucian colleague. "We should lead a decent human life simply because we are decent human beings," he said.

This appeal to the dignity of human life cut off my last tie to Christianity, and from then on I was a pagan.

V

It is all so clear to me now. The world of pagan belief is a simpler belief. It postulates nothing, and is obliged to postulate nothing. It seems to make the good life more immediately appealing by appealing to the good life alone. It better justifies doing good by making it unnecessary for doing good to justify itself. It does not encourage men to do, for instance, a simple act of charity by dragging in a series of hypothetical postulates — sin, redemption, the cross, laying up treasure in heaven, mutual obligation among men on account of a third-party relationship in heaven — all so unnecessarily complicated and roundabout and none capable of direct proof. If one accepts the statement that doing good is its own justification, one cannot help regarding all theological baits to right living as redundant and tending to cloud the luster of a moral truth. Love among men should be a final, absolute fact. We should be able just to look at each other and love each other without being reminded of a third party in heaven. Christianity seems to me to make morality appear unnecessarily difficult and complicated and sin appear tempting, natural, and desirable. Paganism, on the other hand, seems alone to be able to rescue religion from theology and restore it to its beautiful simplicity of belief and dignity of feeling.

In fact, I seem to be able to see how such theological complications arose in the first, second, and third centuries and turned the simple truths of the Sermon on the Mount into a rigid, self-contained structure to support a priestcraft as an endowed institution. The reason was contained in the word *revelation* — the revelation of a special mystery or divine scheme given to a prophet and kept by an apostolic succession, which was found necessary in all religions, from Mohammedanism and the Living Buddha's Lamaism to Mormonism and Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science, in order for each of them to handle exclusively a special, patented monopoly to salvation. All priestcraft lived on the common staple food of revelation. The simple truths of Christ's teaching on the mount must be adorned, and the lily He so marveled at must be gilt. Hence we have the "first Adam" and the "second Adam," etc., etc.

But Pauline logic which seemed so convincing and unanswerable in the early days of the Christian era seems weak and unconvincing to the more subtle modern critical consciousness; and in this discrepancy between the rigorous Asiatic deductive logic and the more pliable, more subtle appreciation of truth of the modern man lies the weakness of the appeal to the Christian revelation or any revelation, for the modern man. Therefore only by a return to paganism and renouncing the revelation can one return to primitive (and for me more satisfying) Christianity.

It is wrong therefore to speak of a pagan as an irreligious man: irreligious he is only as one who refuses to believe in any special variety of revelation. A pagan always believes in God but would not like to say so, for fear of being misunderstood. All Chinese pagans believed in God, the most commonly met-with designation in Chinese literature being the term *chaowu*, or the Creator of Things. The only difference is that the Chinese pagan is honest enough to leave the Creator of Things in a halo of mystery, toward whom he feels a kind of awed piety and reverence. What is more, that feeling suffices for him. Of the beauty of this universe, the clever artistry of the myriad things of this creation, the mystery of the stars, the grandeur of heaven, and the dignity of the human soul he is equally aware. But that again suffices for him. He accepts death as he accepts pain and suffering and weighs them against the gift of life and the fresh country breeze and the clear mountain moon and he does not complain. He regards bending to the will of heaven as the truly religious and pious attitude and calls it "living in the tao." If the Creator of Things wants him to die at 70, he gladly dies at 70. He also believes that "heaven's way always goes round" and that there is no permanent injustice in this world. He does not ask for more.

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Etchings from War, by Kerr Eby *Courtesy of the Yale University Press*

How to Stay Out of War

An Open Forum of Opinions on Keeping America Neutral

CAN THE United States keep out of future wars? Can we help other nations to settle their differences without war? In no country are there greater divergences of opinion regarding national policy toward war and peace than in the United States. At one extreme are the conscientious objectors, determined to face punishment rather than fight in another war. At the other pole are the heroic patriots who demand armed protection for American property as well as American lives in every quarter of the globe.

In general, however, the conviction is growing that the problem is not a negative one but a positive one, that the United States is not only responsible for keeping the peace with her neighbors but, as one of the greatest powers, inextricably affected by the welfare of the whole planet, is culpable also if she does not seek to mitigate the menace or the prosecution of wars between other nations. The question is, then, of ways and means. It is probable that the year 1937 will see the passage by Congress of a new neutrality law of world importance.

In co-operation with the Foreign Policy Association THE FORUM recently sent a questionnaire to a number of outstanding observers of foreign affairs. We publish in the following pages the answers of two groups: those who favor absolute neutrality by economic insulation against war — mandatory embargoes — and those who favor discretionary neutrality. In subsequent issues we shall present opinions from those who suggest other means of facing the future in our foreign relations.

The question we have asked is this: *If a new and gigantic war should threaten civilization, what policies should the United States pursue in order to avoid being drawn into the conflict and to safeguard and conserve her physical and spiritual resources?*

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"Mandatory" Neutrality

CHARLES A. BEARD

Professor of political science

To say that one favors "American cooperation in every effort to build alternatives to war" is, in my opinion, merely using words, unless one is prepared at the same time to demand the employment of American military and naval power in making effective any rules of peace agreed upon. To take part in talking without taking part in the coercion necessary to make talking prevail is, in my view, both futile and perilous. If our efforts to right historic wrongs and bring peace and reason to Europe in 1917–1919 have not taught American citizens anything, no words of mine can add to their education. My program of action for the perils of the Far East and of Europe is to preserve neutrality and to preserve it by drastic limitations on selling munitions and lending money to all belligerents. It may be chimerical, given the posture and propensities of American interests. But surely it is no more chimerical than belief in the power of our words or our arms to heal the wounds of a mad world. If we preserve a little bit of sanity ourselves amid the madness we may at least set the world an example, even if we have no influence on its conduct.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

Lecturer

The United States can keep out of the much predicted next war provided a working majority of the administration, the Congress, and the people so determine. The real question facing the nation in case of war would be: Are we civilized enough to pay the price of neutrality? What is the price?

1. The entire nation must restrain its emotions and view the progress of war as neutrals — a mental process which would prove painful to many.

2. The embargo on armaments should be expanded to include every article that a nation at war could possibly wish to buy from us.

3. All loans to belligerents should be strictly forbidden.

4. Violators of these provisions should be penalized severely.

5. Our navy and air force should be assigned to the task of patrolling our coasts and ought to compose so close a guard that no war germ could creep in or out.

Even stiffer and more illiberal rules might be called into existence and thus bring still more inconvenience to personal liberty and freedom of speech and press, but they would be small indeed compared with the restraints put upon the people of a nation at war. There would be loss of profits, too, through interference with trade and commerce, and this would not be borne patiently or without efforts to break down the barriers.

Given a majority, however, convinced that war is an outworn, barbarous, and indefensible custom which it is the duty of civilized people to abolish, no power on earth could break our neutrality.

HARRY W. COLMERY

National Commander of the American Legion

The American Legion recommends for immediate action: (1) maintenance of an adequate national defense; (2) legislation to equalize the burdens of and eliminate the profits from war; and (3) adoption and strict adherence to a policy of neutrality.

It is not necessary that the United States attempt to match the gigantic armaments of nations seeking conquest. Our military policy should meet the need of adequate defense. The maintenance of the component arms of our military establishment and planning for the mobilization of our resources, to that degree which will discourage overt acts of sufficient gravity to compel us to resort to military action to protect our rights, will remove one of the dangers of war.

The enactment into law of the American Legion's universal-service plan, to equalize the burden of war by providing that in a crisis the nation shall bring into its service capital and industry as well as man power, with *special privilege and profit for none*, and to protect against the loss on the economic front due to

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speculation, inflation, etc. by taking the profits out of war, will remove danger of war. By making all our resources available in a crisis, it will strengthen our defense and by making war a personal service and sacrifice for every citizen it will discourage war and promote peace.

Obviously we cannot enter a war upon the economic front without expecting to get drawn in on the military front. Our government should both define and adhere to a policy of neutrality which will protect us on both fronts. We should approach realistically the danger of trading in munitions and supplies of war with belligerent nations. As humiliating as it is to forbid our people to exercise their rights because it may become necessary to vindicate them, we must recognize the truth that nations engaged in an economic death struggle will respect no rights of neutrals on the high seas which threaten their victory or which cannot adequately be defended by the neutral. In such a situation freedom of the seas can be maintained only by force, and that means war.

Let American business sell to belligerent nations anything except lethal weapons, but the terms should be cash on the barrel head and come to our ports and get it; no credit and no loans for the purpose, and withdraw the protection of the American flag from shipments and passage on belligerent vessels.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Editor

I HESITATE to give an opinion and I must preface it by saying that it is not one that I can defend against a more informed opinion. This, however, is what I think today, and I reserve the right, when the facts as I see them change, to change my opinion. It seems to me now that as soon as any war, however small, breaks out between two or more nations — a war in which we are not involved — we should immediately declare to all nations that we will not send out of American harbors during the war anything which might be construed as munitions of war, which would include, of course, food and chemicals and textiles. We should say further that our bankers will not extend credit to any belligerent for any purpose. But we should say that any nation having the cash to pay can find the goods on the dock if she will come and get them. Briefly this policy might be called "the dollar on the barrel head and the barrel on the dock."

W. W. WAYMACK

Editor

I. HOLD OUR armed strength down instead of increasing it. As General MacArthur has heretically but correctly pointed out, there are conditions in which even a navy is not defensive but basically offensive. The bigger our navy relative to Japan's, the greater the chance of war in "defense" of our "rights" on Japan's side of the ocean. As to a war that starts in Europe, we must recognize that belligerents in desperation never respect neutrals' "rights." Whatever caution a huge fleet would impose on belligerents would be overbalanced by our own greater disposition to find that our "honor" demanded action. If a nation wants to stay neutral she needs to be luckily located geographically and above all to be weak. Only the weak who know they are weak will submit to humiliation.

2. Force a definition and revision of all our national policies that make for intervention. Force a definition of "defense" with respect to the purposes of our armaments in problems of the Far East. Abandon the "open door" doctrine. Decide that, no matter how mighty Japan gets or what she does to China, it is not our affair. Repeal the discriminatory law against Japanese immigration.

3. Adopt radical legislation really designed to make war unattractive to capital — legislation that not only mumbles something in the title or preamble about taking the profit out of war but that actually does it.

4. Adopt a cash-and-carry scheme for foreign trade, prohibition of loans to belligerents, a quota control for holding exports to "normal" quantities, and a plan for distributing to the whole nation whatever clearly definable losses occasioned by neutrality fall on special classes.

5. In the bundle of laws adopted prior to war, to go automatically into effect at the start of war, for the clearly understood purpose

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of keeping us out of the war, include a law whose sole purpose is to guarantee that pro war propaganda will be kept debunked. Perhaps the law should set up a board of eminent historians, as emotionless as could be got, to issue periodical statements emphasizing the cost, the futility, and the horror of wars. The historical falsity of atrocity stories and of avowed reasons for going to war would have to be kept constantly before the public, by press, radio, and movies. Any interference with free expression of anti-involvement arguments should be defined as treason and made punishable accordingly. All State laws aimed against real freedom of speech (laws which might be weapons in the hands of jingoes) should be automatically superseded by the federal statute the moment neutrality was declared.

The neutrality period should be treated as a prewar period, constituting a national emergency in the full sense and justifying a degree, even, of that full dictatorship which would come with war itself, in order to force upon a majority of ourselves the regular doses of war antitoxin.

WILBUR L. CROSS

Governor of Connecticut

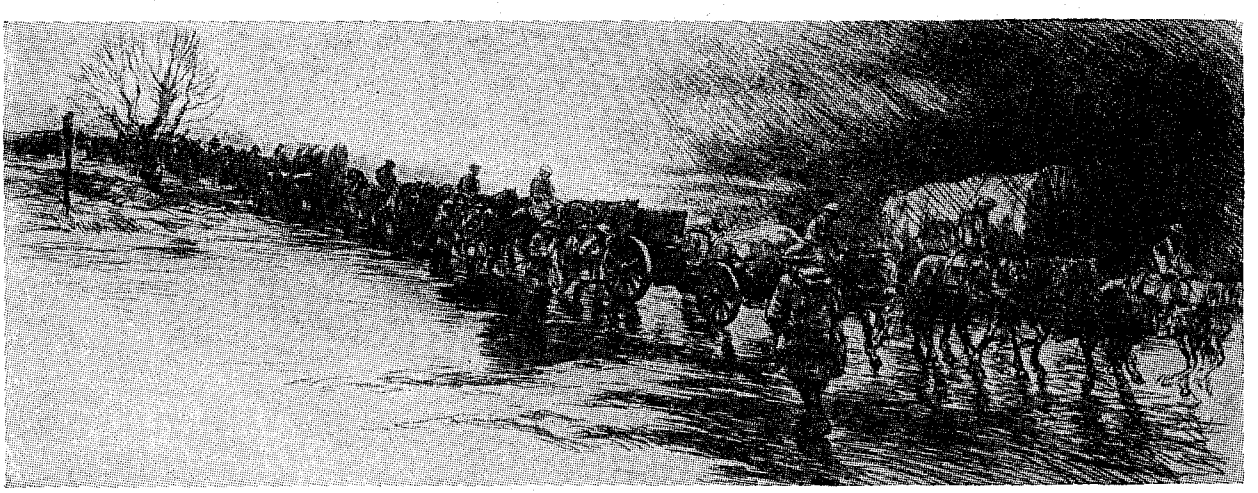
With our present laws relating to neutrality, the steady development of the Administration's present foreign policy of the "good neighbor" would seem to me the best way of safeguarding the nation against being drawn into any possible general European war. At the same time we need to remind ourselves, as private citizens of a democratic country, that, no matter how wisely conceived or executed a policy of neutrality may be, it cannot pull its weight unless it is enforced by public opinion. We must further remind ourselves that in the event of a conflict between major European powers, our feelings, prejudices, and selfish motives would all naturally become more violent than they are today. It would therefore be necessary for us individually to exercise restraint in word and act and to put the good of the nation above personal gain or loss, in order to mobilize public opinion effectively behind whatever official position of neutrality might be deemed advisable for the best interests of the Republic.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Journalist

The greatest safeguard would be having a man in the White House firmly and immovably resolved not to let the country get into war under any conditions whatsoever. Until the power of the president to put us into war is controlled adequately by the requirement of a referendum on war nationwide in scope, no amount of neutrality legislation will prevent our being drawn into a conflict if a president again yields to pressure of war profiteers and bankers who through loans have become identified with the cause of another nation.

I lean to that school which would cut off relations with the belligerents to the utmost possible extent, believing that nothing can be so costly or so hurtful to the United States as participation in another war. I am in favor of the proposals in the Nye-Maverick bill and I wish



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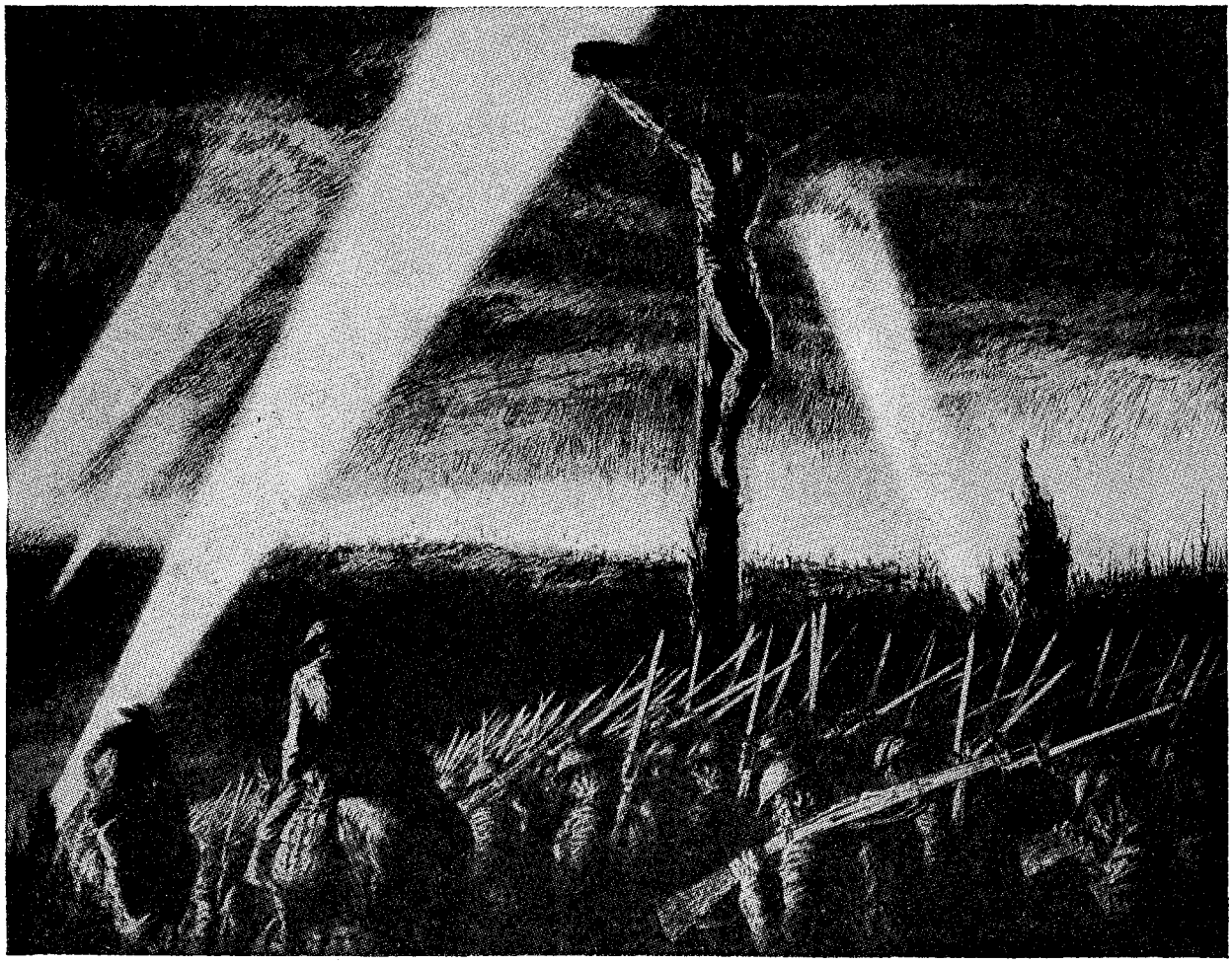

the president's hands tied as much as possible by any new legislation. We should have a new neutrality law to prohibit the sale to belligerents of oil, copper, and the like. The present ban on loans and credits to belligerent powers should of course be renewed. All submarines of hostile nations should be forbidden entrance into American waters; American vessels should be forbidden entrance into the zone of hostilities; and all American citizens should be warned that if they do not leave at once the government will not be responsible for their safety and will not consider that it is bound to revenge their death. Sales to belligerents of any armaments or military supplies, when not positively forbidden, should be on a definite quota basis and limited to the five-year prewar average. I am especially in favor of the United States' reimbursing exporters and others who will be deprived of their trade and livelihood by such a policy.

We are reimbursing farmers ruined by drought and floods and other citizens ruined by depression. The cost of reimbursing exporters would be infinitely less than the cost of going to war.

FRANK E. GANNETT

Publisher

I SEE no way for us to keep out except absolute neutrality. This means complete isolation from belligerent nations and nations doing business with belligerents. It is impossible to define munitions of war. Food, for example, is perhaps more important than gunpowder. Americans would travel at their own risk. They would do business at their own risk. We might consider whether the government should not pay as a subsidy the average annual profits over a five-year period before the war to any corporation that had been doing foreign business. If this were done, it might help to prevent great corporations from trying to conduct business with the belligerents directly or indirectly.

I see no reason why we could not offer our services to try to stop a war, but once war gets going nothing but complete isolation will save us. And we are the only people in the world who really can be self-sustaining.

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"Discretionary" Neutrality

QUINCY WRIGHT

Professor of international law

In the emergency of general European war, the Government of the United States would be confronted by at least five organized pressure groups: (1) the isolationist neutrals following the Nye committee, (2) the traditional neutrals advocating freedom of the seas, (3) the interventionists urging the causes of the respective belligerents, (4) the patriotic imperialists anxious to seize the opportunity for augmenting the territory and prestige of the United States, and (5) the co-operationist neutrals.

In this situation firm allegiance to the fifth group seems the only satisfactory alternative. This represents the policy set forth by President Hoover and President Roosevelt during the disarmament conference and the policy which Secretaries Stimson and Hull have both said is implied by the Pact of Paris. In his address of February 16, 1935, Secretary Hull submitted the "four pillars of a sound peace structure":

> First, the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy; second, a promise of nonaggression; third, consultation in the event of a threat to peace; and, fourth, noninterference on our part with such measures of constraint as may be brought against a deliberate violator of peace.

To carry out this policy the arms and loan embargo provided in the present neutrality act should be extended to all war materials, but the executive should be given authority to remove these embargoes, in behalf of the victim of aggression and the states assisting it, as soon as he has determined, in consultation with other states, who is the aggressor, a task which has not in practice proved especially difficult.

This would be a positive policy in support of treaties and principles to which the United States and nearly all other states of the world are committed. If immediately adopted by Congress, it would be an important influence toward deterring potential aggressors and thus might prevent war altogether.

Even if a general war developed, it would provide the government with a positive policy about which opinion could mobilize, thus counteracting the propaganda of interested groups both within and without the country. Its application would open trade with all states but the aggressor, thus counteracting the tendency toward business depression. Its application would also avoid difficulties with the countries of the world favorable to law and order and would assist in the rapid termination of the war through defeat of the aggressor nation.

Such a policy would be dignified and American. No policy can be guaranteed to keep a neutral out of a general war, but if we pursued this policy at least we would not drift into war nor could we be bullied into war. If we got in, it would be only as the alternative to the triumph of the aggressor.

HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM

Diplomat

There is a school of thought zealously believing that through neutrality legislation we can keep out of war. It believes that neutrality can be achieved by minute regulation of certain wartime activities.

We have a diametrically opposed viewpoint expressed by John Bassett Moore, who, with all the force of his profound knowledge and wide experience calls it homicidal-suicidal mania:

> The homicidal mania glares in the proposal to try to starve other peoples who engage in war; the suicidal mania gleams in the proposal to demoralize and destroy our commerce in order that peoples at war may not be nourished by what we produce.

Probably somewhere between these two opposed schools of thought there is a golden mean which we should try to find.

I believe that we can find it only through evolution — by the application of our new conceptions of neutrality to specific cases as they may arise in the future in infinite variety. In addition to the impracticability of inflexible, detailed neutrality legislation before the unknown event, congressional action should not put us at the diplomatic disadvantage of crossing our bridge before we get to it. Nor should Congress tie the hands of our Department of State in the delicate and difficult task

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of foreign relations which is its responsibility.

We might well add at this time to the framework of our basic neutrality laws, but those new provisions should be flexible and not mandatory on the executive. We may utilize those conclusions which have already been tested in the crucible of experience but we cannot afford to gamble with uncertainties. In my opinion new neutrality legislation should be built on the following seven-point program:

1. The essentially international aspects of the subject should always be kept in mind; any domestic legislation on neutrality should be made with a view to facilitating or at least not hindering the negotiation by the executive of international agreements.

2. The traffic in arms and ammunition should be rigorously controlled by national laws, but such control can never be effective unless it is established by treaty on an international basis. Meanwhile the present ban on shipments of arms and ammunition should be continued.

3. The existing ban on loans should be retained if the president is allowed sufficient discretion to make the policy effective.

4. General embargo legislation is impracticable at this time and so should not be attempted. This conclusion is reached in spite of the utter illogic of distinguishing between war supplies in their processed forms and in their unprocessed state.

5. Restriction on travel of American citizens on belligerent vessels should be tightened.

6. The president should have broad powers to regulate the use of American territory by belligerent submarines, aircraft, and armed merchant vessels. The control of radio facilities is also of high importance, but existing legislation is adequate for this purpose.

7. No neutrality legislation should be considered definitive; the subject requires continuous study by the Department of State and by Congress.

CHARLES E. MARTIN

Professor of international law and political science

Assuming the war to be between two conflicting groups of European states, without reference to organized action against a declared aggressor, I would have the country pursue the following policies:

1. An adequate plan of national defense, limited strictly to the protection of our own shores against external attack and to the defense of such rights on the high seas as may be preserved in the light of changed naval conditions.

2. Legislation preventing the shipping or sale of munitions of war to either belligerent.

3. Legislation forbidding loans or credits to either belligerent for military purposes.

4. Legislation making trade with either belligerent or travel on belligerent ships at the risk of the individual and forbidden by the Government of the United States if likely to involve the country in war.

5. Insistence that so long as the United States remains neutral her legitimate trade with other neutrals shall be free from belligerent interference except in case of the breach by the neutral ship of a universally recognized international obligation. This position to be implemented by an agreement with the leading naval powers, especially Great Britain, covering such disputed points as the right of visit and search, contraband of war, blockade, and the use of the submarine in naval warfare.

Assuming the war to be between an overwhelming number of European states, acting through an institution of peace committed to the principle of collective security on one hand and a declared aggressor on the other, I should suggest the following, in addition to and to the same extent, in modification of the foregoing:

1. An agreement with the great majority of European nations to the effect that our neutrality policy and the protection of our neutral rights would not jeopardize or defeat sanctions applied against a state found guilty of an act of aggression.

2. Definition by the executive and perhaps by the Congress of the conditions, if any, under which the United States would co-operate in the application of economic sanctions against a declared aggressor.

3. Affirmation of the policy that American military action shall be confined to the region of the American Hemisphere and the Pacific area, in the active pursuit of all collective efforts to preserve peace.

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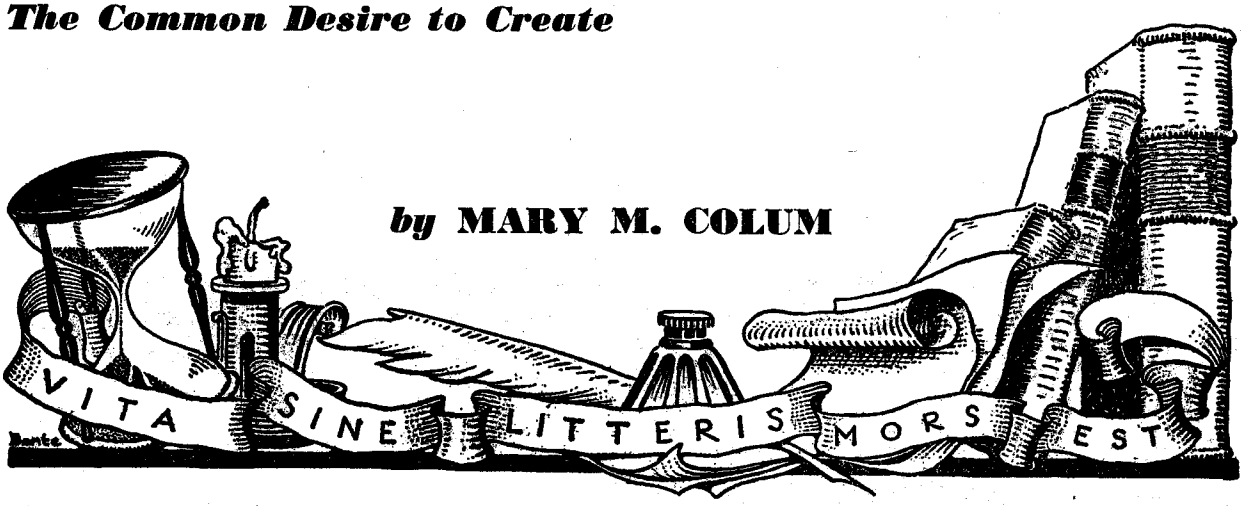
Life and Literature

The Common Desire to Create



by **MARY M. COLUM**

SENTIMENTALISTS of the future may look back with nostalgia on the brave days of unplanned civilization, unplanned civic life, when diversions were unorganized and everybody, more or less, had to look out for his own recreation, as well as his own work. But we who live in this civilization with our eyes open know it can be inexpressibly dreary, especially for the young, the high-hearted, the aspiring.

Local government officials, especially in the smaller towns, are chiefly engaged in looking after such matters as the disposal of sewage, the closing hours of saloons, street-cleaning, and so forth. The recreational and imaginative life is so unprovided for, its needs so uncomprehended that the amusements in most places outside the large towns are limited to the dreary outlets provided by dull cocktail bars, soda parlors, dance-and-gin parties, automobile rides, and not very distinguished movies. Nobody seems to think it is the business of government to provide anything in the nature of recreation. In the summer, of course, there are such diversions of a physical nature as swimming parties and tennis courts but practically nothing for the mind.

The correspondence that reaches this department from that portion of the younger generation which lives outside the large cities reveals an almost hysterical discontent with, even rebellion against, the life around it. And why this discontent? The fact is these young people are artistically and imaginatively undernourished. Their minds rush toward the idea that, if they could but express themselves in an art or even come in touch with it in some way, some strange romantic happiness would come over them.

To a young woman in the West who wrote me that she and her friends could not quench their longing for music, I answered complacently that the greatest music in the world can now be heard over the radio. My correspondent, I said, should sit down contentedly in the winter evenings and listen to it. Her answer made me realize that, though I may understand the art of literature, I do not understand the art of music as she does, instinctively, intuitively, though with small opportunity for learning about it:

> The radio is all right, but I want more; I want to see violinists as they play, the conductor as he conducts. . . . I want to hear and see the very instruments themselves and the players' fingers . . . Never to have seen Toscanini conduct, never to have seen and heard Kreisler in the flesh, never to have sat at a Wagner opera. . . .

And all the frustration of youth in an uninteresting civilization is in the cry of another girl correspondent: "I have outgrown everything in this hateful life." It is not pleasant to think that sometime my correspondent will outgrow the aspirations that made her utter these words.

Whatever humanity has done with the world, it is at present a poor place, not as good a place as it was in the young days of our fathers and grandfathers. To paraphrase something that Dr. Carrel has said, civilization has been built up chiefly through the whims of

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gifted men of science who threw inventions into the world without bothering about what they would lead to. Civilization has not progressed according to the needs, sizes, or shapes of men. Most of the ancient consolations have been taken away — the simple beliefs, the simple amusements, such as piano playing, acting in amateur clubs, and making clothes; machines deliver most of these, and there is nothing in their place.

There must come into being a group of people, an elite, who will devote themselves to the problems of an integral civilization. Governments should have that demanded of them which the Thebans demanded of their artists: that they should add to whatever beauty was handed on to them. Each town should be obligated to do its utmost to add to its own beauty and ability to entertain. Why should there not be local orchestras, choral societies, theaters as outlets for the artistic desires, the creative abilities of young men and women? The Fascist dictatorship in Italy, to which we feel so superior, does a great deal of this for its people. The artistic passion of the Italians being for opera, the regime sees to it that grand opera is not confined to the Scala in Milan or to the big cities; operas, singers, and scenery are somehow conveyed to remoter sections.

Dreams of Self-Fulfillment

Naturally the art which interests most of the correspondents of this department is the art of literature. At least half of this correspondence can be divided into three classes: one writes for advice concerning a literary career; another inquires about taking courses in writing from one of those institutions which advertise such services; while the third kind of correspondent sends in a modest request for me to map out a special course of reading which will eventually help to land him in the ranks of famous authors or, at least, intellectual leaders.

One of my correspondents in the second group was a gentleman who had been incarcerated for burglary in a State prison. From this I judge that the advertisements from the writing schools find their way into places of detention and that ladies and gentlemen doing time are incited by the advertisements of these schools to try their hands at producing fiction. Judging by what I hear of their diversions, these inhabitants of the houses of detention actually seem to have more of an intellectual and artistic outlet than many dwellers in small towns where there is nothing at all to satisfy those vague cravings of youth to cut a figure of some kind in the world.

The correspondence is all interesting, full of pathos and personality, but it would take me all day and every day to answer each of the letters reasonably, so that I am obliged to deal with them on a decimating principle and answer one in about ten. It is, however, impossible not to arrive at the conclusion that a large proportion of the literate population of this country is attempting to write fiction and that a fair number has published somewhere or other from one to four short stories. It is not only young people longing for a glamourous life who are struggling to write; there is a vast number of middle-aged persons consumed with ambition in the same direction; these are mostly women who feel that something in life has passed them by and that if they could only express themselves in writing they would overtake it.

Some of my correspondents trustingly put it up to me to inform them whether their talents (sample enclosed) warrant them throwing up job or family and coming to New York, taking a garret in Greenwich Village or some other appropriate Bohemia, and devoting their days and nights to turning out works of literature. In spite of the humility of the petitions for advice, very few of the correspondents have any doubt whatever of their own talents, and their chief reason for asking advice is to receive some confirmation of their own estimate of themselves.

Some of the fanatical ambition to write comes, of course, from the fact that writing is one of the most publicized professions in the world: minor and insignificant members of it are better known than the most distinguished scientists, engineers, or doctors, so that it is a somewhat neurotic desire for publicity that urges some of the aspirants. Very many of the others confuse the occasional trimmings of a literary career — opportunities to travel, stretches of leisure, fashionable parties, acquaintance with celebrities — with the career itself. A great many imagine that, given the opportunity, they could write an *Anthony Adverse* or a *Gone with the Wind* and be wealthy

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and famous ever after. It is useless to tell them that such a material success in writing is rarer than a fortune won by a lottery ticket — far, far rarer — and that some of the most famous writers do not now make — and never have made — their living from writing but have instead income from other sources. Most of those who do make a living make one so modest that some of the young aspirants to wealth and fame would be dismayed.

In addition, their work makes such a demand on their vitality that, after first youth, anyhow, those who write continuously and seriously live in a quietude and monotony such as no banker or broker could stand. Very few of my correspondents whose imaginations are fascinated by a literary career realize the arduous and continuous application, the disappointments, the uncertainties of it. While it is not always true that one pays a price for everything one gets in the world — some people, we know, pay for nothing, and the wicked can flourish like the green bay tree — yet from a knowledge of the lives of some famous contemporary writers in a few countries I should say that the price of literary celebrity is so high that not many people would care to pay it.

To those of my correspondents who have other forms of livelihood, I should say: There is no harm in taking up writing for a while, provided not much is expected from it in returns of any kind, in either money, fame, or happiness. To the others I should say: Take a job of some kind and write in your spare time; eventually either you will be cured of the itch for writing or, if you are lucky — surprisingly lucky — you will make a success sufficient to permit you to give up your job and make a living by writing.

An Artist Must Work

It happens that this month there are several books about writers and writing on my table which are of exceptional interest in relation to the subject I am discussing. There is, first of all, Joseph Hone's *Life of George Moore*. Here is the biography of a man whose achievements were books; whose adventures were among ideas; who had very little external life; whose triumphs were in the carefully constructed novel, the well-turned sentence; whose greatest triumph of all was that he introduced to England the novel of realism as the inventors of it, the French, understood it and as everybody understands it now.

In the process of learning his job as a novelist he had the best apprenticeship possible. A young man of independent means, he went from the West of Ireland to Paris, the home of the newer novelists, the creators of the type of novel that was then coming in. He began his life as a writer by an association with the symbolists as well as with the realists and naturalists who became his masters; he studied Flaubert's novels and all that Flaubert had written about novels. He knew Zola, the inventor of a brand of naturalism that was a development of Flaubert's realism and Balzac's naturalism. He knew Dujardin, who invented the interior monologue, Mallarmé, one of the inventors of symbolism, Manet, who invented impressionism in painting, Antoine, who brought realism and naturalism into the theater; he was acquainted with Turgenev and Verlaine. He lived through the thick of many great modern movements in painting and music as well as in literature: not only realism, naturalism, and symbolism but impressionism and Wagnerism; he lived through the creative years of the Irish literary movement, worked with Yeats and Edward Martyn; he lived long enough to come in touch with the most recent developments of the novel.

The main impressions the reader of this biography will get are of the laboriousness of a writer's life, of the continuous application, of the variety of knowledge and intellectual experience essential to it. Moore was always considering ideas, always experimenting with materials and forms, always digging in all sorts of literature in search of something he could add to his equipment. He always found something, incidentally, and his later style was completely made over by his contact with old Irish tales.

The rewards of his work in money were never high, and he expressed delight when, one year, his royalties were $5,000. Although he had an income from an Irish estate, he could, at the height of his fame, sigh for enough money to go to Italy and spend £500 without thinking of it.

His rewards in recognition and praise were great, from both readers and fellow writers. "I think George Moore a greater novelist than

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our dear old Thackeray," wrote Arnold Bennett. There were even some few who thought him the greatest novelist who had ever written in English.

That devotion which other men have given to bringing up a family or to forwarding some public interest, George Moore concentrated on his writing. The net result is that, out of a long array of books, there are some half-dozen that are revealing, charming, and entertaining — and that to a permanent degree. The concentration necessary for his work led him into that sort of self-absorption and egotism that overtakes a great many writers and artists and makes them unfit, in varying degrees, for normal associations. We remember that Balzac could never take any serious interest in other people's affairs or pay much attention to what anybody was saying unless it gave him points for his work; he was completely absorbed in the characters he was living with in his imagination. This egotism can exist side by side with that largeness of mind and keenness of outlook which must go with any imaginative and disciplined creative mind. In George Moore the egotism frequently sank to silliness and childish vanity.

The painter, Tonks, who writes a note on the novelist's later days, says something which applies to many who live the creative life:

> Intellectually Moore developed; he was learning to the end. But he was still as incapable as a child of four of grasping that there are other individuals who can make themselves unpleasant if he does not learn to curb his temper and his desires and keep his feelings to a certain extent to himself. The world was his. Yet to learn to live alone is essential to those who wish to gather something of the mysteries of life; be he scholar, writer or artist, he must develop something of the divine selfishness. This quality Moore certainly had, but he might have shocked fewer people if he had learnt to make his selfishness less obvious.

The Decay of the Short Story

Speaking now to the second group of correspondents, I should ask them what aim they have in view in proposing to take lessons in fiction writing? If it is merely to add some interest or excitement to their lives, there is no reason why lessons should not be taken in fiction writing any more than in music or painting. Likewise, the teaching of short-story writing as a course in college to help a student toward a command of English, toward a development of his imagination, toward an understanding of other people has as much validity as the teaching of any other subject.

But the teaching of short-story writing with the aim of turning the student into a money-making professional is unhopeful. The technique that most of these instructors favor consists, as far as I can learn, of the most standardized and worn-out devices of the third-rate realists. The students are advised to keep notebooks, to write down what they observe, to make descriptions of people and things. The often repeated advice of Flaubert to Maupassant about revealing a cab horse or a concierge so that it could not be mistaken for any other cab horse or any other concierge is retailed to convey the idea that anybody with industry can achieve such an effect. But let me quote a sentence from a chapter entitled "The Novel *Démeublé*," in Willa Cather's *Not under Forty* — a chapter which should be read by aspiring writers:

> Every writer who is an artist knows that his power of observation, his power of description, form but a small part of his equipment.

This is true of even the writer who aims to be merely that honorable enough thing, a successful tradesman of letters, one who can make a living by successfully entertaining his fellows. But the notebook, the observation, and the description have been drummed into the minds of the lesson takers until they come to believe that, if they observe something carefully, take notes of people and conversation, reproduce a skillful selection of them, they have a short story of the "slice of life" order. And these theories of writing are now so extensively spread that they are responsible for the dead level of short-story writing, the excruciatingly dull and unreadable stories that are now published in our magazines.

Speaking of these published stories, there are two questions I should like to ask about them. First, do readers enjoy the current short story? Second, has any successful writer, artist or otherwise, had any benefit from the short-story teachers outside such instruction as, at writers' conferences for example, is delivered by well-known writers?

Certainly the claim put forward by some of the short-story-teaching agencies, that a living can be made from writing by almost anybody, is unfounded. Writing that can be taught can

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be standardized. But the standardized short-story writer can have a vogue for only a few years. How few of the many short-story writers who have had tributes from critics and editors have lasted any length of time can be seen from a study of the annual volumes of O'Brien's *Best Short Stories* for the past twenty years. How many of the "best" short-story writers of the last decade are heard of today?

They have not lasted because they were only people with a need for an artistic outlet or a need to get away from dull conditions. They were not primarily writers. It is to this type rather than to the bred-in-the-bone writer that the short-story manuals appeal. Are they helpful at all? If one of them, for example, should tell the literary candidate to read Flaubert's two realistic novels and all that Flaubert has written anywhere about the art or craft of the novel, to read both Maupassant and Chekhov for the short story, Ibsen and Strindberg for drama, and Shakespeare for everything, it would be doing the student a service. But if the handbook goes in for too much rigmarole about motivation or about how few or how many characters should appear on the first page, with a dissertation on the 36 important situations in life — in that book the beginner should read no more, for he will come out by the same door he entered through.

Encouraging the Impossible

The advantage of such a book as Dorothea Brande's *Becoming a Writer* is that the author has acquired an insight into the workings of the mind which enables her to give hints to even a practiced writer. Everybody has to discipline his mind, to harness it, before he begins to learn the elements of creative writing, and Dorothea Brande gives an excellent series of exercises for acquiring that discipline and setting the machinery of the mind going. She says, however:

> The process of making a writer is the process of teaching a novice to do by artifice what the born writer does spontaneously.

And here I differ with her; this sort of process, I am certain, can never have such a result. Encouraging the intelligent citizen who is capable of turning out a couple of short stories to believe that he is a writer is to lay up for him a future of frustrations, disappointments, and maladjustments. More than anything else the enlisting of this kind of person in writing has reduced current fiction to something like a heap of intellectual sawdust, providing neither fodder nor mental entertainment.

In all the manuals for writers, except those by professionals in their own craft (such as Edith Wharton's *Writing of Fiction* or E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel* or Henry James' prefaces), there is invariably something of intellectual inexperience that is extremely disconcerting. Whether to call this naïveté or ambition that doth o'erleap itself I do not know. But I shall let the reader decide. In Dorothea Brande's new book there is an example:

> In the appended bibliography I give a list of titles of those I have found most helpful for myself and my pupils.

Should the hopeful aspirant to authorship turn to this appendix, he will find featured Longinus on the sublime, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Irving Babbitt's *New Laocoön*. Why a novice writer should be invited to read a long, dreary poem like Pope's *Essay on Criticism* unless he desired to specialize in writing faded eighteenth-century didactic couplets is beyond my understanding. Why it should be helpful for anybody except a trained literary thinker or a professional critic to stew through Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* is equally beyond me. Longinus on the sublime and Babbitt's *New Laocoön* are likewise for the literary specialist.

Then the list of books recommended for those who read French contains some equally astounding recommendations. They include, for example, the works of Sainte-Beuve and Paul Valéry. Now though an experienced writer or a trained literary critic might, after years of perusing Sainte-Beuve's 50 or 55 volumes, put together a series of selections that would be of help to the biographer critic or novelist, I can't see why Miss Brande's short-story pupil should need to master the works of Sainte-Beuve. As for the extremely difficult and obscure poetry of Paul Valéry, Miss Brande's pupils might know all the words in the French dictionary, have the language at their fingers' ends, and still not be able to make head or tail of this poetry. Certainly the

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average native French reader and many French writers are unable to make head or tail of it: Valéry's poetry is for only a rare type of reader — for one soaked in poetry, especially French symbolist poetry. Yet such invitations to esotericism are not at all uncommon in these handbooks on writing.

But, as every author, amateur or professional, has from time to time need of a book of practical information that will be an aid as a dictionary or directory is an aid, we should note that one has been published that to a considerable degree meets this need. This is *The Writers' Handbook*, published by The Writer, Inc., and it contains information concerning publishers and publications of every conceivable kind that might be of practical use to any author, whether the composer of an epic or the writer of an article on packing and shipping. There are articles by outstanding writers on their own particular specialties; and these are eminently worth while. When, for example, Sinclair Lewis tells the aspiring writer that he should contemplate a dual profession — one vocation in addition to writing and as remote from connection with it as possible, he is giving the sound advice of an experienced penman. When Van Wyck Mason tells about the composition of detective stories and Thomas Burke of short stories, the reader is sure to get some piece of information that, besides saving his energy, will set his mind stirring. But, for all this, it must be stated plainly and definitely that those thrusts of power that alone make any writing worth while are beyond the reach of all instruction.

An Outlet for the Half-Talents

What is really needed, instead of volumes urging people into writing, is a survey of activities that will give release to people with artistic sympathies. The man in the modern world who gave his mind most to the problem of what to do with those who have some artistic talent but no full creative capacity was William Morris, who is the subject of a lively booklet Bernard Shaw has just published. Morris himself achieved great happiness through a combination of activities — "happiest of the poets," Yeats called him. All his work gave delight. He wrote narrative poetry, such as that in *The Earthly Paradise*, that deeply thrilled his contemporaries. Shaw in his appreciation of him enthusiastically, if a trifle extravagantly, describes *Sigurd the Volsung* as the greatest epic since Homer. And Morris' prose books, like *The Well at the World's End* and *The Sundering Flood*, are romantically enchanting.

Outside his writing, Morris' life's work was an attempt to give creative opportunities to men and women who had been deprived of them by that unrestrained industrialism which has added so much to the world's maladjustment. To give an outlet to the half-talents, the everyday aspirants toward self-expression, he established workshops in Kelmscott Manor for the making of hand-printed books, carpets, tapestries, furniture, and so forth. He diverted many persons from making poor pictures and poetry into using their talents in the practical arts. That those who took his advice were made happy I know from personal acquaintance with some of them who are still living.

Shaw in his penetrating and humorous booklet shows Morris as the most effective of the radicals of his day. He did what was right and proper for an intellectual of vast human sympathies to do but which is somehow wrong for a person of narrow sympathies (for it seems to make them vindictive): he took the leadership in a movement for social justice. He knew that to make something and to try to make it beautifully was a need of a great number of people and he had a vision of life in which this need would be satisfied. Whatever he did with his head or with his hands was with the aim of making people happy, an aim which in our time, for some reason, is considered unworthy of either an artist or a statesman.

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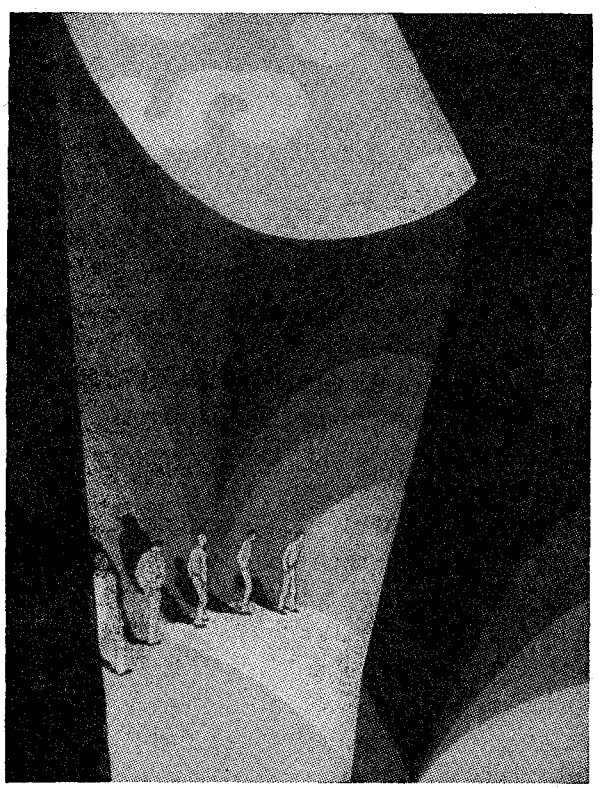
Keep Your Convicts

by **CHRISTOPHER ROLLMAN**



Conception by John Vassos for Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol
Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

I EMPLOY over 1,100 men, and there isn't an ex-convict among them. There isn't going to be an ex-convict among them. I will not hire a man who has served time in an American penitentiary and I do not care whose endorsement is behind him. I do not care if he was unjustly imprisoned and if his sponsors come to me with the proof that he was unjustly imprisoned. Whatever his story, if he has served time in prison I do not want him.

That creed of mine has made me many foes in my own community. It may make me many more foes among the readers of THE FORUM. Public sympathy is usually with the ex-convict, and it is a useless sympathy that does him no particular good. My "hard-boiled" stand is, I hope, constructive. I am no more lacking in human feeling than my fellows; I merely look at a public problem from a different angle than most of them.

I hire men and pay them wages. I hire them for the work that they can do and I have never hired a man to work in my plant because he needed money or because somebody asked me to hire him and get him off the streets. I am not hypocrite enough to call myself a good Samaritan because I have given 1,100 men work to do and wages for their work — and I have too much respect for my men to state that any one of them owes his job to anything but his own ability. A man has to be good to get a job in my plant and to hold that job.

That's why I draw the line at ex-convicts.

I'm throwing no stones at another man's sins and throwing no doubts on a human being's ability to turn his back upon his follies and his weaknesses. I bar the ex-convict from my plant because he isn't man enough to hold a place with the men I've hired from the world of free workers.

There isn't a month of my life that I am not called on to argue that question. I operate in a medium-sized city and the State penitentiary is only a short train ride away. My plant is a natural target for those who sponsor the comeback attempts of men who have served time. We employ men in a variety of tasks, from common labor to highly skilled technical work. Among so many men, the sentimentalists imagine, a convict could work out his destiny without attracting attention.

I say that he can't.

When an American penitentiary gets through with a man, he is unfit for American industry. If he entered prison innocent of crime and normal in habits of thought and action, he will still be a very bad human prospect for an employer in my position after a few years of prison life.

That statement will shock people, perhaps.

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It has shocked many well-meaning clergymen and social workers who have talked to me. But I made an astonishing discovery a few years ago. I discovered that less than 50 per cent of those who come around to plead the ex-convict's cause have ever visited the "alma mater" of the men for whom they intercede. They are very naïve in admitting it.

"No. I am not interested in places of punishment," one clergyman told me, "I am interested only in redeeming human values. This boy has paid his debt to society. He has to appeal to men like yourself for a chance to make good."

Without realizing it, this sincere and kindly man was answering his own argument when he made it. He was thinking in the terms of his own profession and not in the terms of mine. According to his way of thought, the "boy" was someone who had sinned and suffered punishment and was entitled to another chance. I looked upon the payment of that "debt to society" in quite another manner.

The man for whom he interceded had come to my plant as a prospective worker and not as a reformed sinner. From the men I hire I demand application blanks which summarize the man's past history; the jobs he has held and the people for whom he has worked; and the education he has had. None of my men was ever asked to confess his sins or make any profession of atonement. What I want on an application blank is a picture of the man in the terms of the influences that have made him. The odds are against an applicant whose record is dotted with many short-term jobs at varying rates of pay, unless the reason is evident.

The man whose application I prize most is preferably married — if of marriageable age — with a record that shows a tendency to settle in one community or one State, ability to hold a job over a period of years, and some evidence of thrift. In other words, I am seeking the man who knows how to cultivate roots in a decent community, become a solid, respected citizen who reflects credit upon his fellow workers and the plant that employs him, and whose presence among a small army of employees will be a stabilizing influence.

Unmaking Men

Among the other applications that reach me is the application of an ex-convict.

I am willing to extend to that ex-convict the benefit of the reasonable doubt which I extend to other men whose sins have never been paraded in open court. I'll pass up the slip or the bad moment or the human mistake that resulted in his being sent away. But I insist upon looking at his immediate past as I would look upon the immediate past of any other man seeking employment. To do this fairly, I have done what so few clergymen and social workers have done — I have visited penitentiaries.

Behind the grim, gray walls, I have seen human lives timed to a grinding routine. I have seen the brutalizing discipline which must be employed to keep so many crowded, desperate men in subjection. I have seen men living together in jammed, badly ventilated cell blocks, two and three in a single small cell. I have smelled the smells to which their nostrils are constantly exposed, seen unbelievably crude sanitary systems in operation, and talked with prison wardens and veteran guards about the ever pressing problem of finding work for their charges to do which will keep them constructively employed during the day and decently tired at the end of the day. Talk about your problem of "made" work in the world outside and its effect upon the men who do it! Have you ever considered the problem of "made" work in a prison: the many useless, wearying, depressing jobs that are done merely to keep men busy — jobs by which nothing is accomplished save the passing of time, jobs to which a man can bring no spark of interest?

The prison administrators and the people who call on me in behalf of ex-convicts are in different worlds — and never the twain shall meet. The men who face the grim problem of controlling the lives of men in prisons cannot afford to think in terms of "redeeming human values." They are realists. To avoid outbreaks and to preserve the authority of the few against the many, they must have strict discipline. That discipline is not designed for the man of fine sensibilities and keen intelligence; it is carefully pointed at bringing the human brute into subjection. Not every man who enters prison is a brute, but every one pays the penalty of association with brutes.

The penitentiary strips a man first of pride. He is not a name, he is a number. High or low in the social scale, he is reduced to a common uniform. His personal appearance is in the

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hands of the prison barber. He has forfeited the right of free discussion and free association with friends of his own choosing. Deprived of such discussion and limited in his chance to make acquaintances, a man is thrown on the opportunities close at hand. He forms friendships and exchanges points of view with the fellow inmates into whose company he is most frequently thrown. His philosophy, his ideas of life, and his conversation about even the trivial affairs of life become colored by the viewpoint of the underworld — the world that thinks in terms of preying on the producer rather than in terms of producing.

Values in a penitentiary are exactly opposite to the values outside the walls. The big men and the heroes and the leaders in convict thought are the men who are serving the longest sentences, the men who have committed the greatest number of the most serious crimes. For the duration of his sentence, a man *must* forget the standards I seek on the application blanks of men who seek work in my plant.

When the man has served his sentence, they open the gate and they let him go back to the world. If he has cherished the ideal of going straight against all the influences of prison life, it is a vague ideal that has lived in his soul while his brain and his body were being subjected to influences carefully calculated to break him and to make him a docile prisoner rather than a decent citizen. Beyond the gate that they throw open to him, he finds his clergyman or his social worker — and the intercessor comes to me.

I don't care if he has "paid his debt to society." I don't care whether he ever owed a debt to society. Once I learn that he has spent a certain number of years in the packed, unhealthy, plotting, hating atmosphere of the pen, then I know that I do not want him in my plant. I owe too much to the workmen who have come to me from their last jobs and filled out my application blank — and I owe too much to my own judgment. The man won't do.

He has had the initiative ground out of him. He has lost the sense of pride in productive work. His mind is teeming with ideas that he may not have accepted fully but that he cannot purge from the brain that was forced too long to live upon them, for lack of other nourishment. He has been trained to intrigue and to conspire for even the simple things that other men take for granted: tobacco, reading matter, a few extra minutes of conversation. The prison psychology has seeped into his very soul, and a straight line is no longer his shortest distance between two points.

Apart from all this, the odds are heavily in favor of his becoming a social problem in a big plant. Among the many other unpleasant things to which a man is subjected in prison is the impossibility of gratification for his normal sex instincts and the battering force of other personalities similarly deprived. The man who doesn't come out from a long term in a penitentiary — or even a fairly short term — sexually "queer" is coming out with frustrations and inhibitions in his soul that make him anything but the ideal influence in a plant where men live and work intimately together and meet with one another's families.

Repairing the Damage

The arguments pile up indefinitely, and it is a sordid array of sorry facts. I do not even bother to present them to the average petitioner, because no man who thinks solely in terms of sin and punishment is ever going to accomplish anything constructive from the standpoint of the ex-convict. You can't personalize the issue and do anything with it. Quarreling with the ex-convict won't do it — and coddling him won't do it. As he stands, he doesn't belong in a plant like mine; but no end is served by my telling him so. I address my challenge to my State and to the nation:

Keep your convicts or make citizens out of them.

By what logic can anyone justify the deliberate breaking and brutalizing of a man who is ultimately going to be turned back to the community? If the end of the prison is punishment and the means of punishment is calculated to rob the man of initiative, pride, decency, and self-respect — then let the State find a use for the human husk that is left. Don't ask industry to do it. Don't set a man loose at a gate with his back turned on years of degrading, crowded, poisonous existence and tell him, "You have paid your debt to society — go straight!" The men who sum the problem up thus are less realists than the men who administer the prisons and whip human raw material into line.

The debt to society has less to do with the problem than the problem to society of a man wrenched abruptly from a world of one set of

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standards to make his way in a world of a different set.

My solution — if it is a solution — has to do with that abrupt change of environment, of atmosphere, of habit, and of thought.

No man should serve his sentence and then step out into the world. There should be a twilight zone, a period of preparation. If society's debt must be paid to the hilt, then add a year to each long sentence and call that a year of rehabilitation. For a year before release, let the convict put the dull, demoralizing routine of penitentiary life behind him. If the degradation and the crushing of his pride and his spirit have made him a better prisoner, a more docile captive, during the term of his imprisonment — then it can be relaxed when freedom looms ahead of him.

Let the master psychologists of the pen, who are proud of their ability to reduce men to dull complaisance, expend their energies in rebuilding those crushed egos for the benefit of the world into which they are going to throw the results of their handiwork.

For a year before release, I would let a man become accustomed to wearing the clothes of a free world again. I would ship him away from the prison that had witnessed his shame and the comrades who had shared it. I would give him work to do that he could take pride in doing and I would give him a free man's reward for that work. I would let him become accustomed to earning money before it becomes his necessity. I would teach him to save that money that he has earned and teach him to pay his bills. He would have a pay envelope every Saturday night and he would be submitted weekly bills for board and lodging and incidentals. I would put books at his disposal and lectures and entertainment — and he could buy those things and become accustomed to them once more, not as a convict who is being lectured at but as a man who is buying something that he needs and wants.

Perhaps it might even be possible in some states to work out a variation of the CCC scheme, whereby these last-year men could be given a taste of healthy outdoor life to drive the prison contagion from their bodies while the psychology of the course for freedom was cleansing their minds. Certainly, if such a program were followed, the steps to freedom would be attractive.

One year is not a long period of time when the damage of many years has to be repaired, but I am convinced that it is long enough if the builders of men work as efficiently in that year as do the molders who make a convict out of a man in his first prison year. Certainly, from the standpoint of society, that last year is more important than the first. The man who serves the first year is the convict that prison authorities must deal with during the course of his term — but the man who serves the last year is the man who is thrown on the community.

Convicts as Immigrants

If you — and the other businessmen of the community — do not provide honest work for these men, they will be driven back in spite of themselves to a life of crime."

I hear that too often. It puts the responsibility on me, where it does not belong, and it lifts it from the State, where it does belong. I know that he may be driven back to crime, but if the State has prepared him for nothing else the problem is too big for me to handle.

As a taxpayer, I contribute to the support of every convict in the State. They have to live, and I do not begrudge my share; but I should like to pay a little more — if it would cost any more — to provide each of those convicts with a year of training — not in manual arts or beadwork but simply in the art of being a good citizen. I should like to see them get not only theory but practice and I look forward to the day when it will be just as difficult for a convict to enter the United States from the alien world of the penitentiary as it is for the foreigner without a criminal record to enter through Ellis Island.

They've lost their citizenship — let us make citizens of them. Until then, I stand pat against every intercessor who visits my office with the cause of a convict to plead. I don't want the product of the American penitentiary in my plant.

In next month's FORUM:
"John L. Lewis' Rise to Power,"
by Louis Adamic

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Evolution's Freaks

Nature Tries Everything Once

by **GORDON LAWRENCE**

No one has yet seen a pig flying, but many of us have seen fish do something which is very much like flying, and 145 years ago a Danish traveler in India saw a small fish climbing a palm tree. Both the Dane and the fish were a little disturbed by a drenching rain; the latter had managed to inch its way some five feet up from the base of a palmyra palm. Here it rested in a wet fissure, apparently very much at ease.

Now the most remarkable thing about the fish that climbed the palm tree is that it did not look remarkable in any way. The famous lungfish, that have lingered in the rivers of Australia and Africa while dynasty after dynasty of ganoid fish, dinosaur, and giant mammal flourished and disappeared, have the weird and clumsy build and expression that mark so many of nature's early experiments. Like the horseshoe crab, the ginkgo, and the Araucaria, they look out-of-date; they have the strangeness of a 1912 automobile or a 1929 radio. But the fish that stared back at the Dane looked like a tough little six-inch fish, without any limb-like outgrowths. It was more typically fishlike than many creatures, such as skates and gar pikes, to say nothing of sea horses and anglers, that never voluntarily leave the water.

Anabas scandens, as it was named by Cuvier, belongs to the same family as the Siamese fighting fish and the little paradise fish. These fishes all possess a second breathing apparatus in addition to their gills; these other organs are a new invention, so to speak. While they are used for breathing atmospheric air directly, they have no connection with the air bladder and no homology with the lungs of lungfish or higher animals. Many of *Anabas*' relatives use this air-breathing apparatus to blow air bubbles into a floating nest for their eggs. Furthermore, they actually do more of their breathing through these structures than they do through the gills, and *Anabas* itself is no longer able to depend entirely upon its gills for its supply of oxygen. If it is prevented from coming to the surface to breathe, it soon dies.

Apparently the reason *Anabas* ventures out on land is merely to migrate from one drying-up swamp or canal to a presumably more attractive one. According to Hugh M. Smith, who studied these fishes in India and the islands and countries to the east, there are apparently no observations to indicate that it regularly feeds when out of water. Back in 1864 Dr. Francis Day noticed of *Anabas:*

> They are able to progress along the ground in two ways, either by lying on their sides, flapping their tails, and moving their pectoral fins, or else chiefly by the aid of the latter fins, first one being advanced and then the other.

In spite of the fact that the Dravidian name for this enterprising creature means a tree climber, later observers have not been fortunate enough to find one actually climbing a tree. Dr. Francis Hamilton remarked in 1822:

> To what enjoyment this dangerous faculty of climbing trees could lead a wretched fish I am totally at a loss to imagine.

However, Hugh M. Smith, who was fisheries adviser to the Kingdom of Siam, sees no reason to doubt the Dane's observation.

As noted before, *Anabas*' external form is little modified from that of the typical fish. But it has the power of erecting its scales; hence any wiggling it might do on dry land would tend to propel it forward in the same manner that a snake is pushed forward by its backward-projecting scales.

Evolution's Wanderlust

Anabas is not the only fish that has made a successful temporary invasion of the

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land. On many a tropical island in the Pacific and Indian oceans, vast numbers of walking fishes of an entirely different type may be found skipping about on mud flats at low tide, hunting for food. Whereas *Anabas* uses its powers of locomotion on land merely for the purpose of getting from one body of water to another, these mudskippers caper about the beaches as active hunters.

The mudskipper still has to moisten its gills at intervals and hence has to return to the water now and then in order not to suffocate. It has taken on a grotesque and comically froglike aspect, although it is only the forepart of its body which is much modified, the hinder parts remaining entirely fishlike. It jumps by means of its greatly enlarged and muscular pectoral (breast) fins. Its appearance is excessively clumsy, but it is sufficiently agile to pick up a good living on land. The great projecting eyes, close together on top of its head, give it a satisfied and saturnine expression as it looks around without moving its body.

Neither of the above adventurers nor any other fish alive today has become so well adapted to life on land that it does not have to return now and then to water. But these creatures suggest the perhaps not entirely dissimilar ways in which the ancestors of land animals first came up from the water millions of years ago. And they illustrate a fundamental quality of living things: the opportunism that seems to be a dominant trait in the evolution of life. The most aggressive business organizations, relentless in their search for new markets, are less indefatigable than animals and plants in their constant adventuring into new places to live and new ways of getting a living.

One thing is certain in the history of this world: that life originated in the water and that the ancestors of all land creatures had at some time to make the tremendous adventure of crawling up on the shore and adapting themselves to life where the problem of gravity was a far more serious one than in the water and where there was the constant danger of drying up. The last is the most serious of all the dangers that menace living things, because living processes can go on only in a watery medium: man, insect, and pine tree are, among other things, machines well armored and sealed for the retention of that internal bit of ocean in which life actually operates.

Probably the new invasion of the land started by our two types of fishes will not take them very far; the land seems to be pretty well filled up now, and the human species exerts a destructive effect upon new evolutionary trends such as never existed before *Homo sapiens* became what he is. But geology records numerous precedents of success: the green land plants, snails, insects, some crustaceans (among them the land crabs, which return to the sea only to breed), and, of course, our relatives — the animals with backbones.

But the invasion has not been all in one direction. Not long (geologically speaking) after the various types got comfortably settled on land, some of them began to move back to the water, like discontented immigrants looking wistfully toward the homeland. Reptiles, birds, and mammals have repeatedly invaded the seas; and in some respects the invaders have shown fitness superior to the fishes and the various invertebrates which never left the old home waters. It is as if the general plan of construction, the chassis and mechanism, of the creatures had been improved during their stay on land, where conditions are more exacting.

In the great age of the reptiles, many different types, not at all closely related to each other, went down to the sea, some of them becoming almost as fishlike as the whales and some developing into such fantastic sea dragons as the Ichthyosaurus, which looked like a shark with a long-toothed beak,

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and Pleisiosaurus, with its long snakelike neck and its chunky, unwieldy-looking body. Today fishes are still devoured by sea turtles and sea snakes; and in the Galapagos Islands, of two closely related lizards, one browses among the cactus of the dry interior, and the other swims out to sea to graze in marine meadows.

Among the birds, when birds still had teeth, although they had already developed their typical covering of feathers, some forms had already returned to the sea. The redoubtable *Hesperornis regalis*, more than five feet long, seems to have been more completely modified for diving than any bird is today. In the Cretaceous period, when the dinosaurs were flowering into their last grotesque forms, it had already completely lost the power of flight and depended for a living on outswimming its fishy prey under water. The penguins have gone almost as far; if their evolution could by some miracle be permitted to continue without human interference, they might conceivably become more completely aquatic, but it is hard indeed to imagine how their flippers could ever again develop into anything that could be used for flying.

From the mammalian stock, the great tribe of seals, sea lions, and walruses are the sea-going descendants of the same branch that gave rise to bears, dogs, cats, and the other common flesh-eating creatures. Children of entirely different ancestors, the sea cows are placid hulks, utterly unable to get about on land. And the whales, finally, are as fishlike as the fish themselves, in perfect adaptation to life under water, except that they still have to come to the surface to breathe air into their capacious lungs. Their blood and body temperatures are warm and constant, and they bring forth living offspring — and produce milk to suckle their young whalelings with.

It's a Curious World

A survey of these repeated invasions by creatures long domiciled in one environment into another totally different one suggests that the evolutionary process is largely one of trial and error. It is as if a most energetic and optimistic entrepreneur were sending out an endless stream of salesmen to distribute his product, with little concern whether the salesmen vanished on the way.

Most animals and plants seem only waiting the chance to evolve into something else; but millions of years after they have made the change they still retain the stamp of their previous history. The whalebone whale that subsists on tiny sea creatures it strains from the water with the great organ-like structure that fills its mausoleum of a mouth is as unmistakably a mammal as a cow is.

The giant water bugs that flit through the water like submarine flatboats and suck the blood from small fishes are comparatively little modified in their essential bug characteristics; and all the various types of insects that have successfully invaded fresh water — beetles, dragonflies, May flies — resemble their relatives which remained on the land more than they do the other water insects. Incidentally, the insects have not done very well in invading the sea, although one bug, the water strider *Halobates* skips gaily over the waves many miles from shore.

Some of the land plants have returned to the water, the waterweeds and the riverweeds crowding out many of the algae in streams. But plants exhibit opportunism most in their readiness to change their size and form. In many families of plants there are shrubs, herbs, vines, and trees. The apple tree is a close relative of the rose, for example; the locust of the sweet pea. Some botanists think that the primordial stock of the present-day higher plants was trees like the magnolias and that the smaller, softer weeds and flowers were later developments. In any case, it is obvious that plants have repeatedly metamorphosed themselves from trees to herbs and from herbs to trees. No plant is more typically of soft, herbaceous form than the violet; but in the Hawaiian Islands violets grow in tough, tree-like form some five feet high.

Repeatedly plants and animals have tried the easy way of parasitism; the whole great assemblage of fungi are the grandchildren of once independent green plants; and almost every branch of the animal kingdom has some representatives which have crawled or burrowed into some other creature's body for security. Some of these parasitic ventures seem a very poor business; most of the higher plants that have turned parasite (except dodder and mistletoe) like the pine sap and beech drops, those ghostly flowers of rich woods, are decidedly rarer than any of the plants they

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suck nourishment from. It looks as though it would have been better for them to remain independent.

There are organisms, however, that seem to have lost plasticity or at least the power to vary in the direction which would open up a new field to them. The pine family does not seem to be able to produce herbs or climbers; pines, firs, and all their allies are rigidly woody; so that the whole vast field of meadow and under vegetation is lost to them for exploitation.

This is a world where plants eat insects; where grasshoppers catch and eat mice (no fooling!); where fishes fly; where sea serpents are abundant; where innumerable creatures produce their young by virgin birth; where crabs live on dry land and eat coconuts; where wasps lay eggs on spiders, producing in the spiders a reaction that makes them protect the eggs that are their doom — even though the spiders lose their lives in so doing. It is a world where the male deep-sea angler fish, a tiny scarecrow, fuses himself into the female's forehead, and becomes almost a part of her body. It is a world where nature tries everything once — and usually several times.

What Education Is For

A Teacher Retorts to Dr. Boyd

by ELLIOTT CRAYTON McCANTS

In the December issue of The Forum there appeared an article by Dr. Jean Ricochet Boyd, entitled "What Is a Teacher Worth?" Dr. Boyd, after a severe arraignment of teachers and teaching, avers that he does not wish to decry education — he is just dubious. His article, however, concerns itself very little with the rate of compensation for teachers and really calls into question the entire educational process.

Now I am certainly no educational "nabob" and I am sure that the recognized leaders in my profession, if schoolteaching may be called a profession, will be prompt to deny both my right and my ability to speak concerning pedagogues and pedagogy. Nevertheless, because I have had an experience of 50 years as a teacher and a school administrator and because the 71 years to which I confess remove me from "fear of punishment or hope of reward," I hope to be able to review the article in question dispassionately and to contribute something of value.

Some 50 years ago I graduated from a small military college. The course of study in my day was fixed and narrow, and everything else that we were taught was ancillary to a most strenuous training in pure and applied mathematics. Was I an educated man when I graduated? Even partially educated? I think not. I do not know that I even yet deserve the appellation. Education is a word of many meanings.

But I do know that I had then at my command the tools necessary for the acquirement of an education. I could read understandingly, I could write fairly correct English, I could concentrate, and, thanks to my mathematics, I could reason. It was such a result, I think, that Huxley had in mind when he wrote: "I care not what subject is taught if only it be taught well." Instruction may end in the classroom, but education ends only with life.

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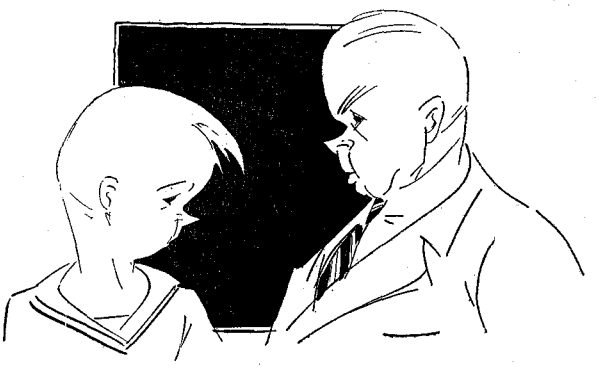

Dr. Boyd apparently is of the opinion that formal instruction is unnecessary, that when a man feels the need of a tool he will invent it for himself, that if he needs to know how to read and write he will without much effort evolve for himself the *modus operandi*. Unfortunately I happen to live where the percentage of illiteracy is comparatively high, and my contacts with the illiterates, some of whom are naturally intelligent, cause me to believe otherwise. Left to themselves, most people, whatever their need, will teach themselves nothing. Was it not Diderot who said that if a little savage were left to himself he would preserve all his imbecility? But it is useless to labor the point. Carried to any length whatsoever the idea becomes absurd. Even with all the aid which environment gives, self-made men are usually ill made.

Supporting his argument the doctor cites the case of his father, later an eminent physician, who studied Latin and Greek but who, in the opinion of his son, would possibly have been better off at home hoeing cotton. Now I know quite a number of men who did stay at home and hoe cotton. They are still hoeing cotton. And the doctor asks: "What college did Shakespeare graduate from? . . . What military academy did Napoleon attend?" If Shakespeare had not had the advantages of the free grammar school of Stratford in all likelihood he would have spent his life as a witty, observant, and illiterate plowman. If Napoleon had not been sent to the military school at Brienne he might have become a Corsican superbandit — but merely a bandit nevertheless.

But to go for examples to the supernormal ten per cent, to "God's own children," "born to achieve and work and live and conquer," is to beg the question. Schools are maintained for the benefit of the 80 per cent, the normal, the people who make up the world and who do the work of the world.

They may not be disregarded, nor ought the intellectual aristocracy to sneer at them, although this is a popular pastime among the would-be intellectuals. It is the pupil in this group who challenges all the power, the patience, the resource, and the understanding of the teacher, who is really the *raison d'être* of the teacher. He who approaches the fountain of learning bearing only a teacup has the same right to fill his vessel as he who fetches a hogshead.

Dr. Boyd readily admits that these average people are not incapable of learning. In fact he stresses the truth that each one of them does learn. His assertion is that a pupil of this sort "does not learn anything or want to learn anything in school." The overstatement is too sweeping for credibility. Even were there no formal instruction whatsoever, any child in any school, even the poorest apology for a school, is taught co-operation with his fellows, the necessity for compromises, and the dozen and one other things which his associates will thrust perforce into his awareness whether he enjoys the process or not. But we can agree with the doctor that the key to all learning is to be found in interest.

II

THE TEACHER'S problem, then, is to make his instruction interesting. In so far as he is able to do this he succeeds; in so far as he is unable he fails. The formula is simple, the application difficult. I fancy that the teacher who has been 100-per-cent successful is hard to find. Nevertheless interest springs from many roots. When I am hungry, food interests me; when a loose tiger is hungry, avoiding him

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interests me. Between the extremes of gratification and fear there are dozens of interrelations. It may be impossible to interest a pupil in every subject but it is always possible to awaken interest in something.

Interest of some kind, however, is vitally necessary if we would overcome mental inertia. Although we may realize our need to labor, we still refuse to regard work as a privilege. Constantly the fear-of-the-tiger motive must be invoked to keep even your feet and mine busy on the treadmill. There is a satisfaction in seeing the wheels go round, but it palls when our corns ache. There have been times when only the bread-and-butter motive restrained me from turning to cotton hoeing.

Now, although I do not recommend cotton hoeing as a desirable course to be taken preparatory to a study of teaching, the practice of medicine, or engineering, early instruction and experience do go a long way toward the evolution of an expert cotton chopper. I hold that the same may be true in the development of an engineer and that it may be disastrous to postpone the study of algebra until the urge toward an engineering career becomes insistent. Often that urge will indicate desire rather than ability.

I mean that, if the habit of study has not been formed and expertness in perception and reasoning has not been developed, the will to learn will not fully supply the deficiency. The effort becomes a fumbling and groping one, and, even if it is finally successful, there has been a needless expenditure of time and energy. Agreeing that specific skills are not transferable and that the ability to fell a tree does not necessarily connote the ability to drive a straight furrow, yet I think that the muscular power acquired in the first operation may prove very helpful in executing the second. One may be skilled in solving equations and unskilled in translating Latin, yet the training in observation, in analysis, and in application is as useful in the one case as in the other. What I would say is that an intellect well disciplined and habituated will operate effectively whatever the field.

The doctor's example of the high-school teacher who "got together all the law books he could and read them, visited courts, talked to other lawyers, and attended two brief courses of summer school" prior to becoming a lawyer is a case in point. No illiterate could have done that. The university professor who "crammed" his German is merely another instance to the same effect. If I lacked examples of the superiority of the trained intelligence over the untrained, I could ask for none better than these.

I freely admit that I seldom use "cube root, logarithms, geometry, or quadratic equations" in my daily business. Neither does a prize fighter take his sparring partner into the ring, but that is no argument against the use of sparring partners and punching bags. It is a source of satisfaction to me to know that I can use any one of these instruments should the need arise. Admitting also that the formulas and equations have "slid away from me," I at least know where to find them. A carpenter does not carry all his tools on his back nor a teacher of mathematics a logarithmic table in his memory. Some one has said with a modicum of truth: "Education is that which remains after one has forgotten what he has learned."

III

SHIFTING his point of attack nimbly, the doctor asks:

> If all this stuff dished out in school were of such transcendent value and importance, would it not follow that schoolteachers, being the especial repositories of knowledge and wisdom, would themselves be outstanding people?

Non sequitur. I am sure that the doctor knows as well as I that knowledge is not wisdom, that teachers are not the repositories of knowledge — much less of wisdom — and that, even if they were, the container does not necessarily partake of the qualities of the thing contained. Must one become a walking encyclopedia before attempting to teach a child to read? Is it essential that one absorb the lore of the ages prior to the solution of an equation?

Evidently this gibe is introduced merely as a peg from which to suspend the opinion that teachers are not first-rate people but vary between third and tenth rate. Well, so, I imagine, do most of the people who follow other callings. Even first-rate physicians are comparatively scarce, and a good bedside manner has sometimes in the past covered a considerable degree of medical ineptitude. On the whole, if it may be truthfully said of me that I "attend to my own business," and am "honest,

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amiable, and kind," I am pretty well satisfied, no matter what my comparative rating may happen to be.

It is undoubtedly true that "incredible excrescences" have "grown up all over our educational system," but I do not think that these abnormal accretions are traceable to any study of "formulas, equations, rules, definitions and processes." In fact the tendency of all this "new" education is to discard anything that approaches exact instruction. I think that the absurdities the doctor complains of derive from the same human element which impels a physician to write *aqua pura* in a prescription when he means plain *water*. When we wish to impress on a merely ordinary person the idea that we possess hidden and esoteric knowledge, we are prone to invent a vocabulary.

Nor do I feel that the average public-school teacher is responsible for these medicine-man performances that are at present being staged by the educational hierarchy — of whose members someone has said that they possess minds "naturally poor and made still poorer by excessive cultivation." No, the ordinary teacher has little to say concerning modern educational methods. He does not originate them but has them imposed on him. He is neither high priest nor acolyte, he is the victim. He may regard the hocus-pocus with awe, as some do, or with contempt, as I do, but I think that it has little effect on his everyday teaching. Still it is necessary that each one of us be able to speak the accepted jargon, lest some day he be intercepted at the fords of the Jordan and be commanded to say, "Shibboleth."

IV

DR. BOYD'S article was, of course, inspired by his own unhappy experience as a teacher. A Phi Beta Kappa man, having received the accolade, naturally resents feeling that he has been incapable in any situation. I may say, in passing, that I doubt if the doctor was as inefficient as he makes himself out to have been. But it is possible that his being a Phi Beta Kappa man may explain some of his difficulties.

Ordinarily the contacts of a man who attains a high standard in college are, in the beginning at least, more bookish than human. The outstanding scholar seldom makes a good teacher — not at first, certainly. He is usually gifted, one of "God's own children," and lacks tolerance for the blind and blundering efforts of those of less exalted parentage. The doctor states that he was "interested in science — all the sciences," but makes no mention of any special liking for raw and ignorant humanity. Perhaps he felt that his was the task of creating scientists rather than that of developing, as well as he could, the minds, morals, and manners of a group of potential men and women. When he says that he had an aptitude for teaching, I fear that he confused aptitude with desire. And he says, "It seemed to me natural and to be taken for granted that people would be interested in fossils," etc. As a matter of fact and as the doctor later discovered, his students were interested in none of these things nor in "formulas, rules, and equations." Hardly surprising. They are sent to school that such interests may be awakened and fostered.

But, if a pupil knows nothing, surely it is possible to teach him something — not, perhaps, the science which I so earnestly desire to teach him but, if not that, then some other thing. If he fancies that seven times six are 49, then I must not shirk the plebeian task of convincing him that they are 42 now, were 42 yesterday, and will be 42 hereafter. "I put the stuff out; my pupils could take it or leave it." That is the attitude of many a college professor; the high-school teacher can afford no such luxury. A professor of science may assume that he has nothing to do with a pupil's ignorance of English or mathematics, but specialists are out of place in a high school. The function of a public school is not technical training. The school exists in order to pass on, as far as may be possible, to the coming generation of humans the accumulated experience of the race.

That schoolteaching is hard work, that it is often disappointing and sometimes ineffective any one of us will confess. That it is useless any comparison between the schooled and the unschooled will disprove. That the cheap teacher may prove in the end a highly expensive teacher is as true of the schoolroom as it is of any other technical workshop. That few schools are perfect all will agree. And that half a loaf is better than no bread is self-evident.

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The Artist's Point of View

John Steuart Curry and the American School of Painting

I WANT to stress one point which, as I see it, raises the most important single issue in the making, judging, and enjoying of pictures: *In "form" (or design) more than in content lies the art of the picture.* Curry and Sergonzac perfectly illustrate that point.

An American school of painting is developing in this country. This school proudly discards the studio and the ivory tower to paint the drama of contemporary life. Its leaders are increasingly recognized as Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, John Sloan, Reginald Marsh, John Steuart Curry. Benton knows design thoroughly, uses it as a means but professes contempt for its pure aesthetics. Wood knows its simplest, most obvious and tiresome decorative aspects. Sloan, Marsh, and Curry are as innocent as babes of both its structural and aesthetic functions.

John Steuart Curry — *Courtesy of the Walker Galleries*

John Steuart Curry in all his work, as in his latest *At the Circus*, shown above, paints real life with a sympathetic understanding and a power of characterization which make us spectators poignantly realize the life drama of which we are a part. He makes his cornfield, his frightened negro hiding from the approaching band of lynchers, and these kiddies and parents at the circus come alive as cornstalks and humans before our startled eyes. All credit for this insight into and revelation of the character of subject. But — he gives us no more than that.

Some two years ago I visited a Curry exhibition. I admired the interpretive values and the painter's craft which made them effective and humanly moving. Also I mourned the lack of "visual music" which would have made these paintings breathe with that other kind of life which the moderns call the plastique (or design) of the picture.

Without purpose I wandered to another exhibit — Sergonzac. I looked at "studio" pictures — still lifes, flowers, sprawling, dehumanized nudes. Something began to happen. I was pulled into the paintings with increasing excitement. Harmonies played on me through the sense of sight. Nuances. Counterpoint. Exquisitely controlled color sensations.

I found myself before the painting of humanly incoherent nudes reproduced below. Here was the exact opposite of Curry's painting. No living subject, no human drama, no intellectual meaning. But, in powerful degree, here was all that Curry lacked.

In effect, Curry's painting, with all its human virtues, is illustration. Illustration can be art, but, without other than merely functional "form," without good "theater," without modern "plastique," there can be no American school of painting whose works will endure.

André Dunoyer de Sergonzac — *Courtesy of the Art Digest*

RALPH M. PEARSON

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Fifteen New Poets

edited by HORACE GREGORY

The Weed

I dreamed that dead, and meditating,
I lay upon a grave, or bed,
(At least, some cold and close-built bower.)
In the cold heart, its final thought
Stood frozen, drawn immense and clear,
Stiff and idle as I was there;
And we remained unchanged together
For a year, a minute, an hour.
Suddenly there was a motion,
As startling, there, to every sense
As an explosion. Then it dropped
To insistent, cautious creeping
In the region of the heart,
Prodding me from desperate sleep,
I raised my head. A slight young weed
Had pushed up through the heart and its
Green head was nodding on the breast.
(All this was in the dark.)
It grew an inch like a blade of grass;
Next, one leaf shot out of its side
A twisting, waving flag, and then
Two leaves moved like a semaphore.
The stem grew thick. The nervous roots
Reached to each side; the graceful head
Changed its position mysteriously,
Since there was neither sun nor moon
To catch its young attention.
The rooted heart began to change
(Not beat) and then it split apart
And from it broke a flood of water.
Two rivers glanced off from the sides,
One to the right, one to the left,
Two rushing, half-clear streams,
(The ribs made of them two cascades,)
which assuredly, smooth as glass,
Went off through the fine black grains
of earth.
The weed was almost swept away;
It struggled with its leaves,
Lifting them fringed with heavy drops.
A few drops fell upon my face
And in my eyes, so I could see
(Or, in that black place, thought I saw)
That each drop contained a light,
A small, illuminated scene;
The weed-deflected stream was made
Itself, of racing images.
(As if a river should carry all
The scenes that it had once reflected
Shut in its waters, and not floating
On momentary surfaces.)
The weed stood in the severed heart.
"What are you doing there?" I asked.
It lifted its head all dripping wet
(With my own thoughts?)
And answered then: "I grow," it said,
"But to divide your heart again."

ELIZABETH BISHOP

Dialogue for a Play

I

The absolute dark: and if you say A cloud
I say I've spun abroad often with them.
What though I cherish her, tanned thigh,
Stovelight of pleasure: I who saw the sea
With more than wind making it seethe, the waves
Fawning towards her beauty? I who smiled
At festal summer, jested, remarked this morning,
Smile now for nothing, like a jaded Punch:
Nerve-net, bone-dangle, visceral-slick piping
My too-late company, my table friends . . .

II

Child cries at nightfall, man when beyond himself
Cast by his love, which is his loneliness.
Nightly he watches the fan-silken beams
Mix their bright haze and waver over hills
And lies with her against his darkness then. . .

III

Old fashion surely . . . We are little creatures,
Gentlemen, believe me: each a fool
Embezzling humor from a teller's cage,
Or love, as the Accountant spots it first.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

Outpost

After the last cold mountain
turns loaded with ice, the green iceberg
wheels at the ship
and gulls pass screaming;
sail out on trembling decks that cut
deepdigging into the ring of sea:
End of America! Not so far out
as the home-storm of sickness,
furious seas, not like the arranged waves here
foreign in green, austere,
but, bright as household scene
all the equipment of dismay,
teaching grave civilized man
nothing, feeding his sickest
dread of strong icy seas,
disgust with sunlight.

After the mountains turn, the Floating Man
raises his head (his shoulders are cold rock),
his face takes on the home-look: suffering,
sinking beneath the last iceberg horizon,
reminding us, risen to find us this last time.
He carries in his eyes street-images,
on forehead, protest, on sinking face, goodbye,
the sombre, bright, the unpredictable wind
laying a flag across his lips.

End of America! the ocean opening,
lighthouse and iceberg, vestige of vegetable green,
the sad face everywhere sinking backward last:
not rock, not ice, but here most civilized man,
outpost survivor,
the last sad floating trace, streaming down every river
into the seas whose foreign colors waver,
hold to the end the images of violence
on rising overwave and underwave,
slave and slave driver.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

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The Island in the Sea

All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres. — Henry Adams
Nevertheless —

Now being done with twenty-three of his years,
Traman had fifty left with which to die.
He sorts the twenty-three skeletons,
Peers into each enigmatic eye,
Tests suture and socket; fears
Losing any sun still stored
In skull or joint if he let it die.

His intent swerves: he rides into graves and
Over graves, cuddling a bone or powdering the air.
He has no compass for hope nor map of despair.
One thing alone he knows as certain and sure —
The nightingales are dead in Union Square.

But staring from the Battery,
Traman pursues his usual dream
Begotten by the river on the sea —
Carefully building a Chartres of his own,
Amassing this coral, slow spawn of his bone.
It burns in the sea with a terrible private noise,
The clash of assembled structure that will be
His breath and death together, its stern poise
Compounded of his bodies. He imagines
Strange engines are at work with him and tides
Fall back even now from it, are shifted;
That at last in its final perfection, lifted
Through the seething water, it will stand
With nightingales and Chartres on either hand
And triumphant trumpets blowing from the sea.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

Gold Chariot

Lift anchor! Four leaf clover and the rainbow
Sailing across the Atlantic to the Americas.
The cross bled deep roots to gather the land —
Salt release — lifting rock, lifting seas.
Then they saw the gulls, birds and the gods,
On the street post a wilderness fell.
The oak stretched into the gambrel roof
And bird of passage on the indian coverlet.

Dark continent! The bell in the cathedral
Poked out its tongue, said "9, and all is well,"
And slept forever. Plunging one name,
The house leaped and fell, smoky windows, sumac, lichen, moss:
All the same.

The madonna's smile froze to marble;
Step by step and face to face the hammer
Driving forward and on: bloodroot, new mown hay,
Arrowhead, maiden fern, cattail,
Silver fox in the trap next day.

The sword was topped by a cross. Cleared tree
Over severed heads of red men; bones last.
The Mayflower launched on the toy sea —
Lost in contentment, one horizon past.

One eye is hid in the darkness, one is left
Marine blue, blue as June seas; a few tears drift.
God and Mrs. God in water color-blue skirt desolate.
In a sidestreet, condemned the house, — lost! one sea, one shore;
The Americas sink — fore and aft.

DAVID SCHUBERT

The Ship Canal

The ship canal unwinds through weedy fields
a long quicksilver news reel: depth of sky
in which the sun slants westward, sunken clouds
float slowly as white clouds in sleep drift by.

No barges ply its course: it ends in mud
whence maps project an undredged waterway;
but winds have ripped that surface, rain or sleet
wrinkled its film of weather night or day.

In summer when the sulphur hue of dusk
sinks heat like fever in the flushed canal,
refinery nights leak odors, cracked shale waste
distilled above the heaped escorial.
Then as the fields move eastward, edging dawn,
ammonia pallors rise like mist, the chill
air shivers, the cold water: and men find
some corpse floated beyond the sheetrock mill.

WILLIAM STEPHENS

Factory Models

Machines risk change: a clever trick life uses
to put off obsolescence for as long
as time permits flawed bodies not to rust
in scrapheap cemeteries.

Changes are not interchangeable
like factory parts: machines are superseded,
metal goes sooner to the open-hearth
than men go to the grave.

Some men go like scrap, though: standard models
delivered on the same assembly-line
from nursery to board-room; duplicate minds
riveted by the same tools.

Identical in movement, parallel speeds
drive them through office, bank and club until
change, overtaking them, replaces them
as with improved machines.

WILLIAM STEPHENS

Rapid Transit

Squealing under city stone
The millions on the millions run,
Every one a life alone,
Every one a soul undone:

There all the poisons of the heart
Branch and abound like whirling brooks
And there through every useless art
Like spoiled meats on a butcher's hooks

Pour forth upon their frightful kind
The faces of each ruined child:
The wrecked demeanors of the mind
That now is tamed, and once was wild.

JAMES AGEE

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Sun Our Father

Sun our father while I slept
  You lifted like a field of corn
The smiling and the peaceful strength
  Of those that are the race new born.

The infant future waked in you
  Once more and at the world's rich breast
Drank the day's courage and lay down
  In fearless and refreshing rest.

And while the russian field you raised
  Dreams in the starflung shadow's keep
You wake these backward lands to work:
  Good work to do before we sleep.

JAMES AGEE

Colder, with Variable Winds

Who neglected the toys of children,
Spurned the lights around the Christmas tree,
Prefering the flicker on the farthest shore
Glinting, glancing and beckoning me,
And have turned away
Because I could not invent a reality
Where the light was never the light of day,

Now find the wished-for summer a maze of snow,
My blood thin and my sleep
Troubled by irresponsible prophecies.
Sometimes on waking I weep
But the sobs are a child's, the tears freeze
On my lips heavy with the pledges I did not keep.
Cowering I wait as everywhere skies
Red, crowded with cries,
Flash accusation, leaving an expanse of death.

Upon the water mirroring my myth
A swan, indolent and blind, circles, circles
In the delirium of the falling snow.

T. C. WILSON

The Arctic

Have you gone skiing down hill through snow
still soft on the earth? Felt it fold away,
harden under you? and caught the particles
of ice still in air on your cheeks and chin?
Or loosed the sail of your iceboat in midwinter?
seen the wind fill it, carry you away,
the sharp steel runners singing on the ice,
while you held tightly, shifting body's weight,
tempting the dread spill but the heart certain
that life is strongest when the danger's fiercest?

And you felt like shouting and you laughed, and tears
the cold bit out of you ran down your cheeks
and you filled your lungs with the cold air,
sharp as spice: and laughed again and shouted;
but its sound made no dent in the wind's sound
and the sound of snow falling and runners ringing
and air going by like a hurricane!

  Do you remember
the moment you plunged into the bank of snow
and sprawled, all warm inside? and rolled
and rose to your feet and felt your cheek
and sensed that your skin was changed and tougher,
your cheekbones harder and jawbone straighter?
Remember? Recall? Try to think, remember:

that's the way the Arctic altered us.

EDWIN ROLFE

My Cousin Seen as the Common Enemy

Twenty-five years I have hesitated to say
Something impolite about you, something that wouldn't pay,
Something offensive, very apt and rude,
Something with verisimilitude,
Very indecent; — and every time I didn't
My face froze like the face of a pedant.
Before I ever saw the world outside
I knew the "better" half of it: you never lied
As spokesman for the common enemy: your face
Was full of charity; your thoughtfulness and grace
To the butler were remarkable; your voice had no more fault
Than scissors cutting coupons in a vault.
Watching you glide between the pages of a book
Always with a prepared, correct look
Like somebody trapped by mistake at a funeral,
Somebody who missed the joke, or a general
Caught with his pants down, — I can remember
How empty the talk sounded any December
With guests making faces, but a room in your house
Was too full of furniture to accommodate a louse,
And it seemed a familiar paradox
When an uninvited guest had to pass a full ice-box.
Twenty-five years you have had your will: —
Too poor for plenty, too busy for ill,
Surrounded by death but too good to kill,
Love without passion, hate without anger,
Sin without sex and war without danger,
Art without anguish, food without hunger,
Wealth without work. Yes, our parents belong to us.
But cousins? Well — you're superfluous!

SELDEN RODMAN

Proem

In our time some deaths came
  sudden as clap of thunder
    across leaf-troubled night;
some histories, like flame
  from cloud, that we go under
    and use for source of light.

At bolt of death: at crash:
  their lives' way opens out
    vivid as midnight path
below green lightning flash
  —their fear and early doubt
    fading in aftermath.

Their lives cross ours among
  suburban pavements, trees;
    waking, we are aware
— past fluid phrase of tongue —
  of their deaths. Mind's eye sees
    as clearly as through air

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Lawrence, broken on wall;
de Bosis, 'lost at sea';
those at Vienna, killed.
Even while these men fall
they give off light; are free
though coffined; loud though stilled.

CLARK MILLS

Waking in Deepest Night

Her mouth suffused and the breathing shoulders in hair
asleep obscured; the deep breasts source to source
pressed slumberous — yet wakeful I leaned again —

The pale shade crackled in supernal wind;
and in a streaming void, the white window bare
and earth rolling reckless with living trees, and around us
circling, circling, the dead pitted moon.

The hours diminish: mankind is alone!
Yet as the coolie faltering in the river grass,
falls, the brokers at their twinkling bar
bet thousand wages on a purchased blonde.

And we, dear sleeper, must we not dare and plan
on this narrow stone lost in the arches of space,
beauty and peoples erect and flowers everywhere?

DAVID WOLFF

from *The Jungle*, Part I: *Report*

. . . . Until, finally,
After aching, laming stages they came at last
To the swift intensity of the jumping-off place:
Boys yelled shifting boxes, their palms
Slippery with sweat, to the belling of orders
In noon's-brass furnace; confusion,
Collisions and cursing, the sun's anger
Focused in strange phonetics; men went down
Stooping with heat and their loads to the river,
Clanging equipment and tins of dried food in the boats,
Cameras, cartridges, bolt-action rifles,
Instruments, microscopes, slide-covers, slides,
Nets, bottles, medicines, and dissecting tools.
Jogged by a hypodermic anticipation
They stood on the hot wharf where the current tugged
And the boats swung slanting.
Andreff, tipping his helmet, noted
The broad, slow-swaying river's-back in the sun
And green without motion: the extravagant shade.
. . . . . .
. . . . And
A monkey's scream swung off like a pendulum
Between dark trunks of the jungle and heavy
Embellishments of growth which bright-winged birds gripped
And secret, stinking pockets wherein stared
Malignant beads: the lidless eyes of spiders.
The slow express of a python, black and gold,
Thick with power oozed over branches.
. . . . . .

ARCHIBALD FLEMING

Portrait of Myself by van Gogh

Naturally the colors are fierce,
Brilliant, intoxicating, crude.
Van Gogh has well expressed his need of women
Though the lines are rude.

One would expect her to laugh shrilly,
But she has ample and peaceful breasts
Curving under the saffron yellow blouse
Where a man could rest.

There's a certain lack in this picture:
If you stare a while it begins to show,
No mystery, no suggestion, everything in paint.
But, at least, it's signed by van Gogh.

Perhaps with the coarse body and simple face
Against a background of jungle green,
All by herself away from the elegant paintings
Is the way she should be seen.

EUNICE CLARK

Meaning Motion

Alarm smites upon the covers, clenches the hands;
Their own voices saying six o'clock have now turned tin,
Have now turned back upon the night and cut within,
And slippers and slid blankets without dawn the days begin.
Ah, the striped flannel, and the peach blossoms
Arise into the day
In disarray.

Soap slips from them, though grimed or jellied, fresher,
Steam roars in pipes if it is home this morning;
Eyes lift and wake and lift, to mirror turning,
Through mist of breath and hair tossed, set to learning.
Ah, the clean faces and the beards lost
Waken to peer the day
In glass display.

The crisp and bitter warm them, cups their fingers,
Breaking the fast of news and thought, and telling
How crust tastes, how France fares, how rails are selling,
And by what means Moon Mullins is compelling.
Ah, the white shirtsleeves, and the shirtmaker
Recall from far away
Procedures of the day.

Door sticks to take the key but is made fast,
They are remembering the fray and its content,
And on the tracks and walks what way they went,
And time and fortune, how firmly they are spent.
Ah, the pressed suits, they waken on the day,
In recalled array
They have taken on the day.

JOSEPHINE MILES

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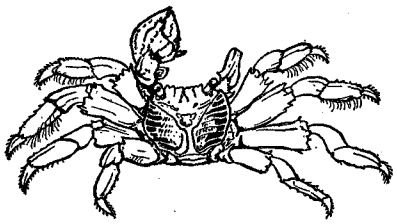
The Scarlet Crab

Part III of a Mystery



Drawings by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Benny Bartlett, amateur ornithologist, and his friend Huntoon Rogers sail for the Galapagos Islands on a scientific expedition aboard Carlos Lanfrey's palatial yacht, where Bartlett is promptly captivated by the staff artist, a blonde vision named Alice Wilmer. Her friend, Photographer Jack Quigley, disappears at sea after getting in a row over a dice game with members of the crew. His loss is believed an accident, although other suspicions remain. It is discovered that Quigley was the son-in-law, estranged from his wife, of Dr. and Mrs. Gorell, two misanthropic souls who have already quarreled bitterly with the naturalists French and Ardleigh. Then, on Indefatigable Island, Gorell vanishes while working on shore. As they search for him that night, Bartlett and Rogers see two rockets fired at a distance, the signal that he has been found — but found dead.

XVIII

HUNTOON ROGERS and I made our way down from the lava ridge, our flashlights pointing out a safe footing in the darkness. Bits of lava rolled like hard metal about us; sharp surfaces bruised our hands as we clung for support.

"It must have been a fall," Rogers said, as we walked closely together for company with Ernest at our heels.

"He was an old man," I remarked. "Perhaps it was a stroke; perhaps his heart —"

Our darting flashlights searched out the rough way; thorns pricked us; shrubs and cactus thickets blocked our way and had to be got around. Finally we came to smoother going.

"This is another blow to the expedition," Rogers said.

"I was just thinking of that. Gorell was tops in conchology. Unfortunately we can't replace him within the membership of the expedition."

"No. There's no one capable of it, except French. He and Gorell were working together at the University on shells, but they didn't get along. Gorell was a difficult department head for French to get along with, I guess."

We came out on the beach where the walking was infinitely easier and continued on to the launch where Mr. Davis, the second mate, was in charge.

"You've heard the news, of course, gentlemen," he said softly.

"We saw the signal," I answered.

Rogers asked: "What's being done, Mr. Davis?"

"I sent a man with the stretcher soon after the first signal, Sir. Mr. Getty and his two men have already gone down that way. You can see their flashlights along the beach."

"Thank you," said Rogers. "I think we'd better go on down there too."

The three of us went along the beach where ahead of us danced the lights carried by the chief officer and his two men. Their lights shortly disappeared among the rocks, and we went on without their guidance until we came to a spot where some distance through the scrub we caught the merest flicker of light from a campfire. We turned in at this point and pursued the faint glow of light which at times seemed almost as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp and came at last upon the scene of the tragedy.

Captain Lanfrey met us at the edge of a lava ridge. At the sight of us he shook his head sadly.

Rogers took hold of his arm gently. "It's tough, Carlos," he said. "I'd hoped we had misunderstood the signals."

"You didn't. Starr found him just as it was getting dark."

"How did it happen?"

"Instantaneous —"

"Heart attack? Or stroke?"

"Neither," answered Lanfrey. Others of the group had joined us as we talked, mute listeners to words of tragedy. French and Ardleigh and Cranston came in almost on our heels, having followed us closely down the beach and through the scrub.

"And you think the fall killed him, then?" asked French. The firelight shining on his face crowned by his disheveled red hair made him a startling apparition in our midst. He seemed shaken by the news of Gorell's death as he looked from one to the other of us, the firelight glittering in his eyes.

"I haven't said that he fell, French," Lanfrey remarked oddly. "Apparently, however, he climbed upon the lava ridge there and slipped off."

"Is his neck broken?" asked Ardleigh, the hard turtle lips and the hooked nose thrust from the darkness over French's shoulder.

"Come over here." Lanfrey started away from the circle. "His body hasn't been touched."

We followed Captain Lanfrey's broad back away from the fire into the darkness. His flashlight snapped on; others followed suit, and the gloom retreated slightly. The figure of a man lay stretched at the base of the ridge among the rocks. The gold-rimmed spectacles were still astride the nose, the chin was thrust out as I frequently had seen it in life.

"See here — " said Lanfrey quietly. "That place behind his ear.The skull is fractured. He probably struck upon a sharp point of lava as he rolled down."

After a brief look we drew away toward the cheerful glow of the fire. I heard Rogers ask a question. "When do you think it happened, Carlos?"

"It must have happened some time before noon."

French spoke up quietly: "You remember, fellows, I joked about the old man's appetite at lunchtime. He hadn't missed a meal."

We gathered at the fire again. Someone threw more wood upon the fire, and it blazed up brightly, throwing great black shadows about the fantastic scene. The world we knew back home now seemed vague and far away, like something we had dreamed. The firelight illumined the dark face of the castaway across from me; there was a strange, wild light in his eyes. He could only guess at our words, but it must have been all too

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apparent what it was that kept us huddling about the fire.

Suddenly Jay Cranston spoke up. He looked at Starr across the fire. "You were over in here somewhere, Starr, just before lunchtime," he said. "I saw you."

His words left us dazed. For a moment there was no comment from anyone. I noted Starr's lips parting slightly as if he were taken aback.

Captain Lanfrey with a slow, deadly motion turned on the young man. "Just what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Let Starr say," retorted Cranston.

"I have nothing to say," replied Starr, without excitement. "I took a walk, as I told you. I was down this way somewhere. Maybe I was on this spot; maybe not, too. I turned my ankle and sat down awhile —"

"Never mind, Starr," Lanfrey spoke sharply. He turned again on Cranston and grabbed the young man by the front of his sweater. "Another word like that," he said, shaking a hard fist in Cranston's swarthy face, "and I'll drive this right straight through and out the back of your skull. Dr. Gorell met death by accident, and I'll not have any cheap accusations out of you against Starr just because you happen to dislike him. Remember that." He let go his hold, and Cranston drew back into the shadows.

And, yet, had we known it, there was one among us there at the campfire — a man ignorant of the import of what he knew — who held the key to the awful pattern of that day's tragedy.

XIX

I WOKE early next morning and for a moment experienced a feeling of bewilderment. Then I leaped out of bed and went to a porthole and discovered that we were well away from our anchorage. The cloud-capped peaks of Indefatigable seemed remote, as if they belonged in another world.

As I dressed I wondered why we were pulling out. We had come aboard with the body of Dr. Gorell about ten o'clock the night before. There had been a little conversation among us after the body was taken below, but nothing had been said of plans for the morrow. I shaved and dressed to the rhythms of the moving ship, feeling that something had come to an end. Was the expedition over? Had Lanfrey decided in the night to return to San Pedro?

At breakfast I found Alice Wilmer alone drinking coffee. She looked lovely and sweet and a bit lonely.

"Will you eat with me, Mr. Bartlett — and talk?"

"Of course. But why the formality, Alice?"

"I'm still a little bit afraid of you — Benny," she said. "Afraid you'll high-hat me when we get back home again —"

"On the contrary, I'm your friend for life —"

"Good friend, honest and truly?"

"Absolutely."

"Have some of my toast, then, and coffee?"

"Thanks, no. I'm having ham and eggs this morning."

"Why is this ship going, and where, Benny?" she inquired.

"I don't happen to have the captain's confidence this morning."

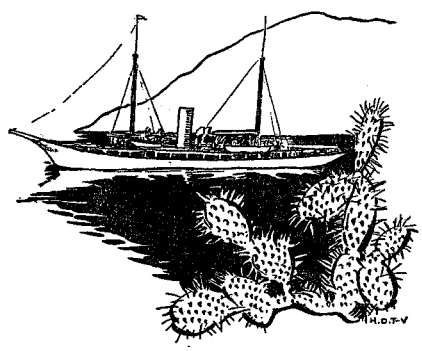
"Where do you suppose we're going?"

"I could only guess. None of us, I believe, has finished all he wanted to do on Indefatigable."

But the mystery was explained shortly when Rogers came in and sat down. "I've just been talking to Carlos," he said, after we had exchanged greetings and Alice had propounded her question. "We're going to Chatham Island —"

"What for?" Alice demanded.

"For several reasons. The principal one is to report the death of Dr. Gorell and avoid any complications that might arise from neglect to do so. Secondly, the castaway, Knutsen, can be returned to his home at the same time. And, thirdly, Carlos feels that it would be best for the expedition to have this interlude of inactivity until the question of what to do about Mrs. Gorell has been settled."



Jay Cranston came in and sat down with an air approaching insolence. He wanted to know where the ship was bound. Rogers told him our destination and the reasons for going, and the young man ordered a hearty breakfast and was eating it when the rest of us finished and left the room.

"Walking?" asked Alice, as we stepped out on deck.

"Yes." I fell into step with her.

"That fellow Cranston —" she said. "Ugh! Is he some relative of the Captain's?"

"Only through the second Mrs. Lanfrey. You don't care for him?"

"I don't trust him. He tried to talk to me yesterday about Mrs. Lanfrey — the present Mrs. Lanfrey, I mean. Just hints. Dirty little hints. I said: 'What are you driving at?' and he grinned and walked away. Another time before that, he came up and said: 'You're a nice-looking dame but you've been high-hatting me; and that don't go.' I said: 'I'm not interested in your opinions, Mr. Cranston,' and I walked away. A man like that is only a pain in the neck," she said with amusing earnestness.

Mrs. Lanfrey, wearing a blue knitted skirt, a white sweater and beret, came along the deck toward us. "Good morning," she said pleasantly. We were close to the rail, and she pulled us over to it. "Mrs. Gorell —" she said abruptly and shook her head. "Poor old soul — I wanted to bring her up just now for a breath of air, and she wouldn't come. She just sits there in her room —"

"Grief is so distressing —" began Alice.

"I've been wondering if it is so much grief as it is just thinking —"

"Thinking?" I asked. "How do you mean?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Lanfrey returned. "She just sits and seems to think. There hasn't been a tear in her eye. At times I think she is afraid."

"Afraid?" echoed Alice.

"Yes. Afraid."

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that the lonely region we're in — the terrible isolation in which her husband died has released emotions other than grief, perhaps even a sort of fear?"

"Perhaps," Mrs. Lanfrey answered. "I don't know about such things. I only know that her reactions aren't normal."

"Has she said anything about what she wants to do — about her husband?"

"No," said Mrs. Lanfrey. "I haven't asked her. I'm leaving that to Carlos." She offered us each a cigarette. "I've sat with the sorrowing and I'll look in on her once in a while. But Carlos can do the dirty work. He's captain of this tub. Well, be good, you dears," she said. She accepted a light from me and with a smile swung away along the deck, a thin trail of smoke about her shoulders.

XX

WE DROPPED anchor in Wreck Bay at Chatham Island in the early afternoon. The launch was hoisted overside, and Captain Lanfrey, Rogers, and I went down the ladder, and were taken ashore. Several men were awaiting us, among them a dark little fellow of middle age and sad countenance. Captain Lanfrey called him Governor, and they

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shook hands warmly. The Governor spoke English haltingly but with a dogged persistence which brought him eventually to adequate if belated expression.

The captain introduced us, and we talked a few moments before Lanfrey said: "I want to report the death, Governor, of one of the members of my party, Dr. Gorell, on Indefatigable, yesterday about noon." He went on, giving a minute account of the accident while the Governor listened closely and with a look of sympathy on his expressive face.

He shook his head mournfully when Lanfrey finished. "It is very sad, my fran," he said. "Very sad. You will, of course, wish to take back the dead man to your country?"

"I'm quite sure of it, Governor."

"There will be no difficulty, my fran. You will come to my house, Captain? And you, gentlemen?"

"Thank you, Governor," replied Lanfrey. "And there is one other matter. We found a man on Indefatigable who says his name is Knutsen —"

"Ah! So? Chris Knutsen? We had thought he was dead. And you have brought him back?"

"Yes," and Lanfrey stepped over to the launch and instructed the bosun to bring Knutsen ashore.

In an ancient flivver we drove the five miles of very bad trail to the village of Progreso, where more than half the population of the archipelago lives.

Arrived at the Governor's house, the host set out an excellent wine. He busied himself at his desk a few minutes and then said to Lanfrey: "It is arrange now, my fran. I express my gratitude that you have come to me instead of sailing away. Too many captains would forget I am here on Chatham Island."

The captain looked at his watch, for the sun was getting low. "Now that this sad business is out of the way, Governor, will you come aboard and have dinner with us tonight?"

"I would be mos' 'appy," responded the Governor, brightly. "I can be ready in a few minutes." He rose and vanished into the interior of the house and in a few minutes reappeared, and we drove back to the bay in the flivver.

On our way we met the tall figure of Knutsen, wearing the clothes that French had given him. He held up his hand for us to stop and in a few words of Spanish again expressed his thanks for his rescue and the clothing he wore. We waved him good-by, little knowing under what circumstances we should meet him again.

The dinner aboard the yacht that night was exceptional, and our spirits struggled for release from the weight of tragedy. The Governor's Spanish nature responded to good food and wine, and his English improved somewhat.

It was getting on toward ten o'clock when we saw the Governor over the side. We turned from the rail as the lights of the launch drew away. Ardleigh, French, Alice, Mrs. Lanfrey, and Cranston disappeared. Rogers and Lanfrey and I stood a moment. There was yet a question to be decided. As we stood there someone came along the deck and entered the lounge.

"Mrs. Gorell," said Rogers.

"Come on, fellows, I need support," whispered Lanfrey, moving toward the lounge. "I'm going to have it out with her now."

Mrs. Gorell was standing at the shelves of books at the end of the lounge when we entered. She did not look up until Lanfrey spoke. "Oh," she said. "I have been wishing for something to read, Captain."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Gorell," said Lanfrey softly. "Won't you sit down a few minutes?"

Mrs. Gorell with apparent reluctance turned from the bookshelves, and Lanfrey helped her to be seated. "I merely wanted to report our activities ashore — and talk to you a little bit —" he said.

"Yes, Captain Lanfrey, I'm ready."

"My purpose ashore was to acquaint the Governor of the islands with your husband's death. And now, Mrs. Gorell, I want to know your wishes in the matter."

Clasping a book in her lap, she thought a moment. "My wishes, Captain," she began, "may — I suppose they may have to be subordinated to — to —"

"Now, Mrs. Gorell — I'd like very much to know what you desire me to do."

"Naturally, Captain Lanfrey, at a time like this I want to be home. But Galapagos —"

"Galapagos is a long way from home, isn't it?"

"A very long way, Captain. The scientific work has hardly got started."

"We'll put that aside for the moment, Mrs. Gorell. It's your problem we want to talk over."

"The doctor," she said, "was so keen on coming. It was one of the high points of his life. I know it must mean a great deal to the other members, too — Dr. Ardleigh, Dr. French, and Mr. Bartlett. I shouldn't want my personal affairs to interfere —"

"Now, Mrs. Gorell," Lanfrey interrupted sternly. "You have suffered a great personal loss. That takes precedence over all else. Until the problem arising out of it is settled, this expedition is going to mark time."

"But, Captain — it is so far to San Pedro. I could not ask you to take the ship back —"

"I couldn't offer to do that, Mrs. Gorell. The occasional fishing boats in these waters from southern California ports could take you back, but their movements are uncertain, and the accommodations not comfortable. But it's not so very far from here to Panama — northeast about two and a half or three days' run for the yacht. I'll take you there and tranship you and the body of your husband to a coastwise passenger line. You would not be delayed there more than a day or two."

A wave of relief passed over Mrs. Gorell's plump countenance; she settled deeper into her chair with a sort of sigh. "Captain Lanfrey," she said, "that's all I could ask. It's so generous of you. I feel that all this has been a dreadful handicap to the expedi —"

"Now, Mrs. Gorell —" interrupted Lanfrey, rising. Rogers and I both got up —"We'll not talk of that. The trip to Panama will not set the expedition back very far in point of time. The expedition's loss, which is of course irrevocable, is that of your husband; his work was invaluable. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get things under way —"

"You mean tonight, Captain? We're starting for Panama?"

"Not tonight. These are dangerous waters in the darkness. We sail at dawn."

"Oh," she said slowly. Then she shut her lips tightly and opened them only to say, "Well, I'm ready, Captain."

"Good night, then, Mrs. Gorell." Lanfrey bowed to her and left the lounge. We heard his rapid footsteps going forward on the deck outside.

XXI

As I started to follow Huntoon Rogers from the lounge, Mrs. Gorell called to me. "Mr. Bartlett," she said, "Mr. Bartlett." There was a hint of command in her blunt tone.

"Yes, Mrs. Gorell." I waited for her to come up to me, for she was making for the door where I stood.

"Would you humor an old lady," she asked, "and see her safe to her stateroom?"

"Yes, of course."

"I'll feel safer," she confided. Her fingers closed on my arm in an old-man-of-the-sea grip. She puffed breathlessly as she walked along by my side. When we reached her door she took a key from her bag and unlocked it.

The room was brightly lighted, every

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bulb having been left burning during her absence. I started to say good night.

"Come in," she said, puffing still. "I have to make sure I'm alone." She dragged me into the room against my will, although I refrained from betraying the fact. "I have to be sure." She released my arm to stoop and look under the bed. She went next to the bathroom and satisfied herself it was unoccupied, then looked into the clothes closet.

"Do you feel safe now?" I ventured to ask.

She turned abruptly upon me, almost hostilely. "No. I do not." For a long moment her dark eyes held mine. "Mr. Bartlett, sit down."

"But there's really nothing to be afraid of, Mrs. Gorell. I can assure you of that."

"Can you?" she said, a mingling of wistful hope and sarcasm in her tone. "Sit down."

I sat down. There was something about this woman I couldn't fathom. Her actions were strange. The death of her husband in these lonely desert islands must have come as a terrific shock, a shock from which she still suffered. That she was frightened, that something like mortal terror clutched at her vitals I was dimly aware.

She sat on the edge of a chair and looked at me for a long moment. Then she said: "The doctor liked you, Mr. Bartlett. And I like you too —"

"Really, Mrs. Gorell —" I began.

"I want you to tell me about the doctor's death on that island —"

"But, surely, Mrs. Gorell, you've heard —"

"The captain has told me his story. You tell me yours."

My protest was unavailing, so I told her minutely of my own connection with the accident.

She listened, her fat face fixed in a strange glare as she followed my story. "You really think it was an accident?" she demanded incredulously when I had finished.

"I'm sure it was."

"Could it have been murder?"

"Impossible!"

"I don't believe it! Doesn't it look queer, Mr. Bartlett, that Captain Lanfrey was the one to find my husband?"

"Not at all."

With a sudden movement she hitched her chair close beside mine. "The doctor was no man's fool," she said. "I might surprise you if I told you whom the doctor suspected in John Quigley's death —"

"Not at all; Dr. Gorell shared his suspicions with me —"

"Did he say it was — the captain?"

"Mrs. Gorell," I burst out, "I'm not going to talk nonsense. Your husband was mistaken. I don't know who killed Quigley, but Captain Lanfrey is the last man to be suspected of that."

"Somebody killed him," she insisted stubbornly.

"Yes," I agreed, rising.

"And somebody killed my husband."

"You couldn't possibly know that, Mrs. Gorell," I said.

"I do know it," she said solemnly. "I know it just as well as I know that I am talking to you —"

"But proof —"

"At a time like this one knows things intuitively —"

I stood looking down on this unattractive old woman who breathed so vengeful a spirit that she made my scalp creep. I realized the bitter hatred, the fear that held her in its grip, and it affected me strangely. I was almost persuaded her intuition was correct.

"If you'll excuse me now, Mrs. Gorell —"

"No, no, don't go," she begged.

"You have no cause for fear," I attempted to reassure her.

She merely sat and looked at me, and again I saw in her face the fearful look of a trapped animal. I backed to the door and opened it quickly lest she restrain me. Instantly I had closed the door behind me and instantly I heard the key turned hard. The old lady must have leaped across the room on my heels to lock herself away from the terrors that beset her.

Her action was so startling that I almost missed the significance of the man in the passageway. He appeared to move without sound, a tall, thin figure going down the dim corridor. At a door he paused, inserted a key, twisted it quickly and disappeared into the dark stateroom. It was Ardleigh's room, and it was Ardleigh's slender figure. I could not help wondering whether he had been listening, outside the door, to my conversation with Mrs. Gorell.

I was not sleepy. My thoughts were disturbed. Mrs. Gorell had driven calm from me. So I climbed to the deck above. All was dark on the ship, except for her riding lights. We were lying in the black night in a black sea. A denser, deeper blackness to starboard indicated Chatham Island, which we were leaving with the dawn.

Then to my surprise a match was raked along the rail a few yards away, and by its flare, to which was held a cigarette, I recognized French. The red hair in the light of the match was strangely lurid, the thin nose, the full lips curiously limned. I coughed and moved toward him. "Bartlett coming," I said.

"Come ahead," was the instant response. "Glad to have you. God, what a lonesome part of the world this is! Not a light anywhere except our own. Couldn't sleep."

"Neither could I."

"Where are we bound next? Heard anything?"

"Panama."

"Panama?" he echoed. "Oh, yes — Mrs. Gorell —"

"Lanfrey is taking her there. Transship her to some coastwise line. Saves running the yacht back to San Pedro."

"Well —" the tip of his cigarette glowed brighter, "that won't hold us up much, then, here at Galapagos. I wonder, though, why he doesn't leave some of us ashore. We could go on working while the ship is in Panama. I think I'd have preferred it."

"I suppose he didn't think of it —"

"Well — probably it's just as well. Always can do lab work."

"Yes."

The immensity of the darkness, the enormous quiet seemed to hold us under a crushing weight. French smoked out his cigarette and tossed it in a glowing arc into the nothingness below. That simple act seemed a prodigious phenomenon.

"What do you think about Gorell's death?" I asked. French was slow to answer.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Accident —?"

"Why, accident, of course," he replied, a note of surprise in his voice. "You don't mean — ?" he began. "Now, look here, Bartlett," he said reprovingly. "You're letting that Quigley thing get you. There was foul play there. But I've put it out of my mind. I've had to, if I am to accomplish anything. It's deplorable — simply deplorable, Gorell's death. Why, he was my department head at the University! But I'm not going to let it interfere with what I have to do. I simply can't. Neither should you, Bartlett. Gorell's death was an accident. Everything points to it. I was satisfied on that point last night when I saw the body there close to the lava ridge from which the old man had fallen. And that crack of Cranston's — you saw how Lanfrey reacted to it. It would be better for everybody if we would just forget what has happened — about Quigley — and especially we shouldn't go and get all worked up over Gorell now. It's an accident. Nothing else. I'm satisfied, as I think everybody else is — that it was an accident — "

"It has been suggested that Gorell's death was something else — "

"Sure — Cranston — " he interrupted.

"I don't mean Cranston."

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"Who, then?" his voice held a cautious note.

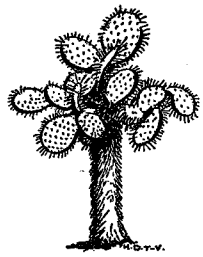
"Mrs. Gorell."

For a moment he did not reply. Then he said: "Oh, come now, Bartlett. That's not important. She's seeing ghosts; she's normally suspicious of everything — I know her."

"Perhaps you're right, French — " I said.

"I feel very sure, Bartlett, about it."

We were silent for a while, then I said: "But aside from that, French, there's a bad atmosphere on this ship. I can't explain it. But I don't like it."



French laughed softly. "Forget it, Bartlett," he urged, dropping his hand upon my arm. "You're letting your emotions run away with you. Why don't you get some sleep? I'm going now."

"I will presently."

"Good night, old man. You'll feel differently tomorrow."

"Good night, French," I answered.

I heard his footsteps recede in the darkness and a few moments later, so still was it, the sound of his key in the lock.

XXII

THE FIRST faint clank of the engines in the depths of the ship roused me from a doze and although the porthole was black I realized that dawn was close and *Cyrene II* was about to get under way for Panama. Several hours later when I came on deck Chatham Island was only a dim blue line on the horizon behind us, and the ship was rising and falling steadily to the swell of the open sea.

I found Alice Wilmer on deck busily engaged at her easel. Jimmy, the scarlet rock crab, rested on a small table beside her. As I came up, his eye stalks twisted about for a better look at me, and he lifted his spoon-shaped claws and brought them down again sharply in something very like a salute.

"He's saying good morning to you," laughed Alice.

"Are you, Jimmy?" I remarked, tapping him gently upon the back. This, it had been learned was the proper method of greeting him, and the crab seemed to welcome me, for the claws waved violently.

"He's a scream," said Alice.

"You're looking lovely this morning."

"But watch Jimmy," she said provokingly. "Isn't he funny?"

"Yes, he's funny. And you're lovely. Quite the loveliest, most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

"Please, Benny," she protested, blushing.

"I insist," I said.

At which she made a face at me and threatened me with the smeary end of her paint brush.

I made my peace with her and looked at the work on the easel. She had blocked in the odd-shaped body of the crab and was just beginning to put the brilliant scarlet color upon it.

Dr. Ardleigh came swinging quietly along the deck on a morning walk. He paused, then came over and with beak-like nose and hard turtle lips thrust over my shoulder examined the work on the easel. "You have a remarkable subject, Miss Wilmer," he said with something of his old classroom drawl. "That crab is quite the most colorful thing Galapagos has to offer. Gorell could have told you how old in time that species is; it's very old. But Gorell isn't here." He straightened up, clasped his hands behind him, and walked away.

Alice watched him go, a look of resentment in her blue eyes. "Why bring that up?" she said reproachfully.

Farther up the deck Mrs. Lanfrey stood at the rail looking off at the deep-blue tropic sea. As she stood there I saw the stocky figure of Cranston come around the deck forward, face toward Mrs. Lanfrey, and pause uncertainly a moment. Then Cranston walked boldly over to her and leaned at her side. Mrs. Lanfrey went on smoking.

Alice observed Cranston's arrival. A few moments later she said casually: "Please stay close, Benny. I don't want him bothering me."

"Nobody loves him," I said.

Huntoon Rogers came along the deck, book in hand. He found a deck chair and sat down. "I'm getting behind in my reading," he said.

Ardleigh went round the deck again, passing without so much as a glance. Mrs. Lanfrey and Cranston continued to stand together. Now that the blackness of the night in Wreck Bay was behind me, the vague feeling of disquiet I had confessed to French seemed but a dimly remembered dream. The bright sun danced on the blue sea and gilded the brasswork of the yacht so that it shone like gold. Far from seeming the funeral ship she was, the trim vessel seemed a gala ship on a picture ocean, bound to gay adventure.

"Poor Mrs. Gorell," said Alice, looking up from her work. "When I finish Jimmy's portrait I'm going down and sit with her."

"That would be a good idea. But don't let her fill your mind with suspicions."

Alice looked at me a long moment with level, lovely eyes of blue. "Just what do you mean by that?" she asked.

Mrs. Gorell's suspicion of murder in her husband's death had gone far enough, and I was wondering how to avoid its reaching Alice's ears when we were interrupted by a resounding smack.

"Oh, look!" Alice exclaimed. "Did you see that? Look!"

I saw instantly; my eyes were upon Mrs. Lanfrey when her arm went back and then lashed forward to strike Jay Cranston full in the face a second time with the flat of her hand.

Rogers put down his book. Some instinct in me propelled me to my feet, but I continued to stand in my place. Mrs. Lanfrey drew slightly away from Cranston, her figure at its full indignant height. She seemed undecided whether to hit Cranston again but the next moment she abruptly turned away from the young man. She passed from sight around on the other side of the deck, and I heard her feet upon the ladder to the bridge.

Jay Cranston slunk away, leaving the rest of us staring at each other in mingled bewilderment and amusement.

"That must have hurt," Rogers called to us.

"I've wanted to do the same thing to that little beast," said Alice, the color rising in her cheeks.

"There'll be fireworks now. She's gone straight to Carlos about it," Rogers laughed softly.

It was not long until Captain Lanfrey came around the deck toward us. Every fiber in his huge body was tense. When he saw us he came directly, his feet treading the deck as if he were bent on having blood. "Where's Jay Cranston?" he demanded.

For a moment no one spoke, then Rogers put aside his book and got up. "I didn't see where he went after Mrs. Lanfrey slapped him."

"You saw it, did you?"

"Yes. She slapped him twice — "

"She should have killed him. Come on, Hunt, help me find him." The captain turned away, and Rogers followed.

Alice dipped her brush in the scarlet blob on her palette and fiddled about with it instead of transferring it to the portrait.

"I'm glad I'm not Jay Cranston," she said.

"He doesn't amount to much."

"Do you suppose the captain will kill him?"

"Don't be absurd," I said, then saw the faint smile on her lips. "Look! here they come now!"

Rogers, Cranston, and the captain

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were coming toward us. Lanfrey's great hand gripped Cranston's arm, propelling the young man against his will. There was a grim expression upon the captain's bronzed face; something of a look of sullen concern and anger on Cranston's. They reached the door to the forward companionway; Rogers leaped ahead and opened it. Cranston and Lanfrey passed through.

Rogers hesitated a moment, then walked toward us, his eyes full of interest. In a voice scarcely more than a stage whisper he said: "Carlos is locking him up in one of the staterooms."

XXIII

THAT EVENING after a hurried, uneasy dinner, Rogers and I stood at the rail looking at the remnants of a blood-red sunset now turning gray and cold.

"It's bread and water and confinement in the cabin for Cranston until we reach Panama," said Rogers. "Then Carlos puts him on a boat homeward bound. He's had enough."

"Cranston's impossible in decent company."

"Do you know what the trouble was between him and Mrs. Lanfrey?"

"No."

"Cranston tried to blackmail her — "

"Blackmail?" I echoed.

"Yes. The incredible fool tried to extort money from her."

"On what ground?"

"Cranston told Mrs. Lanfrey that, while acting as lookout the night Quigley was lost overboard, he saw Quigley and Mrs. Lanfrey together on deck at about three o'clock in the morning. Cranston accused Mrs. Lanfrey of concealing that bit of information from her husband and the rest of us. He wanted a hundred dollars as the price of his silence. Otherwise he was going to Carlos about it — "

"And that's when Mrs. Lanfrey socked him?"

"Precisely. Cranston, of course, was making that up out of whole cloth — "

"It's quite possible Cranston saw them," I said.

"Do you know something about it?" demanded Rogers.

"Yes." My thoughts reverted to the conversation I had had on Indefatigable with Dr. Gorell. "They were seen together by someone else."

"Who?"

"Gorell." I went on to tell him how the old man had said he could not sleep that night and, clad in slippers and bathrobe, had stood in the shadows of the companionway and seen the pair of them talking together.

Rogers said nothing for a long moment. He rubbed the side of his large nose thoughtfully and stared at the cold gray sky. At last he said: "Mrs. Lanfrey has been indiscrete. But, even so, Carlos had previously intimated to me that he was certain Quigley was alive much later than eleven forty-five that night. Mrs. Lanfrey probably has told him of this late rendezvous, and they have suppressed mention of it, since it apparently has no particular bearing on who killed Quigley."

"It's quite understandable," I agreed.

"I suppose this would account in a way for this summary action with Cranston, Benny. Of course, Cranston's a liar and a scoundrel. You remember he testified that he had seen nobody but the watch on deck the night Quigley was lost. Imagine his holding out like that just to blackmail Mrs. Lanfrey!"

"He's no good," I said.

Swift darkness settled down upon the sea. Save for the stars, the few lights on the ship, and a faint phosphorescence in the water, the world was black. It was a time for confidences; it was the hour when doubts and suspicions rise and clamor for a friendly ear.

"Gorell is gone," I said at length. "The old fellow wasn't a fool, Hunt. Sitting there with me the other day he voiced a suspicion that I scoffed at. But I can't get it out of my mind. He quite frankly brought up Quigley's murder; said that many things seemed to point to himself as the guilty man; but denied emphatically that he'd killed him. He said he wanted me to know, just in case."

"What did he mean by that?"

"I don't know. Maybe he had had a presentiment of his own death. He didn't accuse anybody but he did name a possible slayer of Quigley."

"Who was it?"

"Captain Lanfrey, Hunt," I said.

"Lanfrey? Carlos?"

"Yes."

"That's impossible, Benny."

"That's what I told Gorell."

"What made him think that?" Rogers asked slowly.

"He hinted perhaps Quigley had come between Lanfrey and his wife. He advanced this, he said, as a man will who is innocent and yet who sees the web of circumstance closing in on him. He felt that the real story had not been told yet."

"It hasn't, Benny."

"And Mrs. Gorell — " I began.

"What about her?"

"Last night the old lady also said she thought Lanfrey was guilty of Quigley's death. And not only that — she says her husband was murdered. She thinks there was a suspicious circumstance in the fact that Lanfrey was the one to discover Gorell's body."

"Oh, come now, Benny — that's the sheerest nonsense! Gorell's death was an accident."

"What if it wasn't? What if Gorell's skull was broken by a stone in the hands of someone, instead of by a fall? What if Gorell's death is linked to Quigley's?"

"I can't believe it."

"But there must be some answer to the question of who killed Quigley."

"There must be, of course. Even though Gorell denied he killed Quigley, he may have done it. But, granting that Gorell's death was not an accident and that he was innocent of Quigley's death, it would be even more difficult to find the answer. Everybody was on shore that morning, and any one of us could have run across Gorell alone there."

"Everybody except French," I said.

"Yes, except him. He didn't come to shore except for lunch. He was always in that glass-bottom boat. You couldn't look out and not see him in it."

"Even Starr might have run into Gorell and killed him."

Rogers suddenly was silent. Finally he said slowly in the darkness, "Let's drop the thing, Benny. We might harm some innocent individual by unjust suspicions. Carlos can get a detective when we get home."

Far to port lightning flickered below the horizon. A footstep or, rather, a presence passed us.

"Good evening," Rogers called, and Ardleigh's voice came back:

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"Good evening, gentlemen." The geologist paused. "There's a storm off there; below the horizon," he said. "We'll probably catch it." Having spoken he waved a long arm in the dim light and set out again on his noiseless tramping.

We talked idly of home. Ardleigh vanished. At length Rogers stretched lazily and yawned. "I'm getting sleepy; good night, Benny," he said, and left me.

I finished my cigarette and tossed it overboard. I was not sleepy but of a sudden I wanted to be alone in the comfort of my stateroom. So I went below.

It was midnight when I put aside my book and went to bed. No sound of human stirring disturbed the quiet of the ship. Outside the wind had strengthened. Dreams came to trouble me; vague dreams weighted with an intolerable sense of uneasiness that finally roused me completely from sleep. I switched on the light and looked at my watch. It was two o'clock. The wind was howling, a light dash of rain was coming in at the portholes, and I got out of bed and screwed them shut. The yacht was rolling heavily. There were occasional deafening crashes of thunder.

Some unfathomed reason impelled me to go to my door, unlock it, and peer out. The dim passageway was empty. I stepped out, walked the length of it and came back to my room again. I saw nothing, heard nothing, but I was beset by an anxious feeling that something was wrong. I locked my door and slipped into bed once more and turned out the light.

For the remainder of the night I slept little. The storm increased, bursts of rain lashing the deck. I fell into some sort of unconsciousness that was not restful but from which I did not rouse until gray daylight filled the portholes.

We had left the Humboldt Current, and the oppressive heat of tropic waters was about us. I took a shower and dressed. I shaved with slow and faltering movements, indifferent to time.

I was knotting my tie when I heard a scream; the sound chilled my blood as if an icy knife had been thrust deep into my vitals. For a moment I was like one paralyzed; the next instant I had laid hold of the door and torn it open.

A short distance down the passageway a woman lay on the floor, and over her stood a man, holding a long knife.

I walked or ran — I don't know which — saying to myself: "Not Mrs. Lanfrey! Not Mrs. Lanfrey!"

"What is it?" someone shouted.

"Mrs. Lanfrey has fainted," said Dr. Ardleigh, looking at the knife he held in his hand.

Rogers came bounding down the passageway. He said: "But the knife is bloody, Dr. Ardleigh."

I realized then that Mrs. Lanfrey lay at the door to Mrs. Gorell's stateroom; that Dr. Ardleigh stood half in the open doorway.

"Yes, I know that," said Ardleigh, a strange expression upon his finely wrinkled face. "Somebody do something for Mrs. Lanfrey quickly." He looked at the knife again.

"What's happened?" I demanded.

Dr. Ardleigh's gray-green eyes looked at me sharply, then he drawled:

"Mrs. Gorell has been murdered!"

XXIV

In that moment of terror which gripped us there in the passageway, I saw French's startled face pop out of his stateroom; Starr's footsteps pounded along from the dining saloon; Ernest was at his heels. Thundering in their wake came Captain Lanfrey.

"Mrs. Gorell has been murdered," said Rogers, his voice breaking oddly on the word.

"What's that?" demanded Lanfrey. In the next instant he caught sight of his wife's form on the floor. He dropped beside her. "Reba!" he said. "Reba! Speak —!" Then suddenly it occured to him that Mrs. Lanfrey had fainted. He picked her up, turned sharply about, and carried her away to his quarters, leaving us huddled together unwilling and unable to stir from the spot.

In an incredibly short time Lanfrey was with us again. He called to Ernest as he came along the passageway:

"Yes, Sir?" responded the youth.

"Go find Miss Wilmer. Tell her that Mrs. Lanfrey has fainted and that she is to stay with her in my quarters."

"Yes, Sir."

"We'll keep the women away from this," Lanfrey muttered, then raising his voice: "Now, what's happened. What are you holding that bloody knife for, Ardleigh?"

Ardleigh made an ineffectual gesture as if he would drop the thing but continued to hold it. "I found it," he said, speaking jerkily. "On the bed." He motioned toward the half-open door which swung slightly to the roll of the ship.

"How did you happen to go in there?" snapped Lanfrey.

"To s-say good morning." Ardleigh's teeth were chattering. "I — I came by on the way to breakfast. The door was open. Like this," and he motioned again toward the door. "I called out, 'Good morning, Mrs. Gorell.' I thought she answered —"

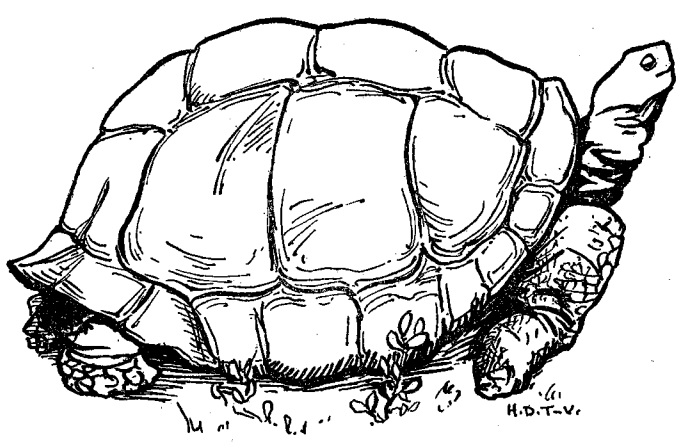
"Did she?"

"She couldn't have, Captain. I say I thought she answered. I looked in to make sure. I saw something was wrong. That scarlet crab was on the floor. It was dead. Somebody had stepped on it. I smelled blood. I went inside, and there she was, poor old soul. I don't know —" He held up the knife. "This was on the bed. I don't know why I picked it up. I was just coming out, intending to give the alarm quietly, Captain. But I met Mrs. Lanfrey here at the door. Before I could prevent it she had seen the body. She screamed and fainted —"

"Give me the knife," said Lanfrey. We drew closer as the captain took it and gazed at its wicked, bloodstained blade. "It's from the galley," he said.

Carrying it in his hand he moved toward the half-open door and entered the room. Rogers followed him, and I was at his heels. Starr, I think, came next, and then French. Ardleigh remained in the passageway.

The tremendous hush of death was in the room. The porthole glasses were circles of gray light across which drops of rain were zigzagging. A small rocking chair swayed to and fro with the movement of the ship. The crushed form of Jimmy, the scarlet rock crab which Alice had painted only yesterday, was on the floor near the chair. On the bed lay a fat horror that made Captain Lanfrey wince visibly as he went up to it.



"From ear to ear," Rogers remarked after an eternity of time.

Lanfrey started at the sound. "That's why there's so much blood," he said irritably.

I remained near the door; French stood beside me. His freckled hands trembled

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slightly as he selected a cigarette and put it between his lips. He did not light it but stood looking slowly about, gazing everywhere except at the body of the murdered woman. I was slightly nauseated, but stayed on for what seemed an endless time, listening to the wind outside howling through the superstructure of the ship.

Finally Captain Lanfrey turned away from his examination and indicated with his eyes that the room was to be cleared.

In that moment Starr reached for a white object on the bed and sought to put it unobtrusively over his arm.

Captain Lanfrey's blue eyes started as he gathered the significance of it. Suddenly he reached for the object and pulled it from Starr's unwilling hands. "No you don't," said Lanfrey harshly. "I'll take that." Lanfrey held it out for a moment before tucking it under his arm. It was a white jacket with brass buttons, such a jacket as Starr wore when engaged with his duties as steward.

"I missed that this morning when I dressed, Sir — " Starr began.

"Stow it!" ordered Lanfrey. "We'll talk of it later." Lanfrey locked the door behind us and without another word strode away.

Those of us who remained stood a moment uncertainly. "Let's get away from this place, Benny. It's getting on my nerves," said Rogers quietly to me. I followed in his wake.

XXV

CYRENE II came around in a great circle until her sharp bow was splitting the wind and the sea; her speed dropped until she had only seaway enough to keep her steady in the storm.

Ardleigh joined us in the lounge; then came French, followed by Alice Wilmer, looking white and anxious.

I went over to her.

"Why are we meeting here?" she asked.

"The captain gave no reason," I answered, taking her hand in mine. It was cold as ice.

She looked up at me. "Don't leave me alone, Benny; I'm frightened," she said.

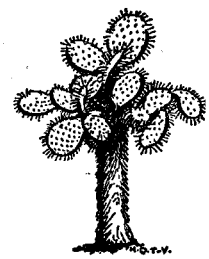
"Don't worry," I urged.

"But — Mrs. Gorell — "

"There's no good talking about it."

Mr. Getty, the chief officer, came in, followed a moment later by Captain Lanfrey.

Silence had settled on us before the captain turned about. "I've brought the ship around," he said. "We're hove to; we're not going anywhere at all for the present. The storm is nothing, however; so forget it." He regarded us thoughtfully. "You and I are going to decide something before this ship gets under way again. I don't need to remind you of what happened last night or of what else has happened since we cleared from San Pedro. Now, then — " Lanfrey's voice was sharper — "what are the courses of action open to us? We were bound for Panama to transship Mrs. Gorell and the body of her husband. I'm not going to Panama now. But what are we going to do? We can call the expedition off, go back to San Pedro — where the authorities can clamp the screws upon the entire ship's company and twist the secret of these crimes out of the guilty person. That's one course. The other is to return to Galapagos and get some of the things done we hoped to do when we started out — returning, of course, to San Pedro and the inevitable when we have finished our scientific work. Dr. Ardleigh, what do you think about it?"



Ardleigh moistened his hard lips. He cleared his throat and spoke in rather an anxious voice. "If we went back to the Galapagos, Captain, would we have any assurance that our lives would be safe?"

"No more than we would have on the way from here back to San Pedro."

Ardleigh was silent a moment. "There are many things I had planned to look into, Captain, in the islands. I haven't made even a good beginning; and if we go home now it is not likely that I'll ever come again."

"You're sort of on the fence, then, Doctor?"

"Yes. The matter of personal safety stands in the way of voting to go back to Galapagos."

"What do you think, French?" Lanfrey turned abruptly to him.

French slowly tapped a cigarette upon the arm of his chair and lighted it before replying. "I'm something of a fatalist, Captain," he said at last. "If my number is up, it's up, whether I'm in the Galapagos or elsewhere. I prefer returning to Galapagos; it's paradise for an ichthyologist. But couldn't something be done meantime about these killings?"

"That will be done, French," the Captain said emphatically. "What do you say, Bartlett?"

"Captain Lanfrey," I said, "I joined the expedition on an hour's notice. I had no enthusiasm for going to the Galapagos; it wouldn't break my heart if I never saw the islands again. But, even so, I joined the expedition and when I did I joined with the expectation of seeing the thing through and I'll be damned if I'll be frightened out. If I could be assured of one thing, I'd say go back —"

"Thanks, Benny," said Lanfrey warmly. "And what is the one thing?"

"I'd like to feel that the two remaining women were safe from attack."

"Well — " the captain paused thoughtfully. "I see no reason why we can't protect them."

"Then I am for going back, Captain."

"I like your spirit, Benny," he said. "Now, Miss Wilmer, you are one of the two women on board. Will you tell us frankly what you would have us do?"

Alice, beside me on the davenport, grew quiet; her color deepened, and she spoke in a steady voice.

"Let's go back to Galapagos, Captain Lanfrey."

Even the Captain seemed at a loss at this unequivocal reply.

"But — Miss Wilmer — aren't you frightened?" he asked.

"Yes — a little. But I want to go back."

"Captain," Dr. Ardleigh interrupted, "I feel very humble in the presence of such bravery. I am no longer on the fence. I join Miss Wilmer, a little frightened but voting to return to the islands."

"Thank you, Doctor."

"It's unanimous, Carlos," said Rogers.

"Yes, I think it is." The Captain turned to his chief officer. "Mr. Getty," he said, "will you be good enough to get under way and set our course for Indefatigable Island."

The chief officer withdrew.

"I want to ask you all a few questions," Lanfrey stated.

In this moment I felt the bite of the propellors, and the ship began to swing in a wide circle through the heavy sea. We were under way again for the Galapagos Islands.

XXVI

"DR. ARDLEIGH," began the captain, "can you throw any light on the death of Mrs. Gorell?"

"I'm afraid not, Captain," Ardleigh replied, drawling slightly. "The last time I saw Mrs. Gorell was yesterday afternoon. I sat with her a while in her room."

"Did you see her alive after that? Or did she say anything that foreshadowed what happened?"

Ardleigh folded his long arms across his chest, his lips growing harder and thinner before he opened them to speak. "No to the first question, Captain. I did not see her alive again. As to your second question — " he paused. "There was a bitterness in her thoughts, and something I can describe in no other way

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except as a strange sort of fear. It never came quite to the surface, Captain; I saw it sometimes in her eyes or detected it in her voice."

"Captain," I spoke up, "I don't want to seem out of turn — "

"Go ahead, Benny."

"If it's necessary to establish the time when Mrs. Gorell was last known to be alive, I could tell you what I know — "

"What's that?"

"At two o'clock last night I got up. Couldn't sleep. I had a vague feeling that something might be wrong and I walked the length of the passageway. Everything seemed all right, and I went back to bed. Whoever killed Mrs. Gorell apparently left her door open when he departed; it was swinging when Dr. Ardleigh found her dead. The fact that it was closed at two o'clock would indicate she was still alive at that time."

"That's right," said Lanfrey slowly. "That brings it, then, down to two o'clock. Anybody else know any short cuts?"

No one answered.

"How about you, French? You're a night owl."

French drew on his cigarette, tilted his red head back, and slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Afraid I don't know a thing, Captain."

"When did you go to bed?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"You work too hard, French."

"No, just hard enough. I quit at ten-thirty; wrote a letter expecting to post it in Panama."

"Carlos, I wonder if we're not wasting time," Rogers interrupted.

"How so, Hunt?"

"No one here could possibly be guilty. We know approximately the time Mrs. Gorell died — the time doesn't seem to be important; the manner of her death is certainly obvious. Wouldn't it be just as well to see where the clues lead to?"

"And by clues you mean what, Hunt?"

"The knife, the white jacket on the bed, and the scarlet crab."

"I don't know about the crab," said Lanfrey looking up quickly. "I'm not sure about the knife. But the jacket, which Starr admits is his, seems too obvious. Would Starr kill the woman, leave the knife behind instead of throwing it overboard, take off his jacket and leave it? That will be threshed out, of course, with Starr; but meantime is there anything more you people can bring to light? How about you, Miss Wilmer?"

Alice pressed her handkerchief to her lips and for a moment stared at the captain. "I don't know anything of importance, Captain. I visited Mrs. Gorell in her stateroom last night."

"About what time?"

"From eight until after nine."

"How was she — mentally?

"She was bitter when it came to her husband's death. She told me about Jack Quigley and why he quarreled with Dr. Gorell."

"I see. Do you think she was afraid of anything?"

"Yes. She said there was an enemy on ship. She hoped we would get to Panama before anything happened. She kept trying to tell me that Dr. Gorell was murdered. She said there was no proof but that she knew it anyway. I assured her that it was an accident and that she ought to take your word for it, Captain."

"What did she say to that?"

"She insisted she was right. Finally I left her and went to my room and didn't hear anything, except the storm — until Mrs. Lanfrey screamed."

The captain's face was thoughtful. He drew on his cigarette, his eyes fixed on the rain-lashed windows. "Now, Miss Wilmer," he said, "you say Mrs. Gorell was afraid of someone. Did she say so in so many words?"

"Yes. Something had frightened her. She was so nervous she jumped at each little sound. And her eyes — well — they were so strange."

"I see," said Lanfrey. "Poor old soul! Did she indicate that she felt her life was in danger?"

"No; only that she hoped we would get to Panama before anything happened."

"And, now — " began Lanfrey, studying the smoke of his cigarette. "Did she name the person she was afraid of?"

"But, Captain — " Alice halted. She seemed appalled at the direct question.

"Go on, Miss Wilmer."

"I don't want to tell, Captain — "

"Miss Wilmer, every scrap of information is of the utmost value."

"But — "

"I can't put it more strongly than to say that it is your duty, Miss Wilmer, to tell us who Mrs. Gorell was afraid of."

A long silence followed, during which Alice's eyes were fixed unwaveringly upon Captain Lanfrey. Presently she swallowed hard, then said in a voice almost inaudible: "She accused you, Captain Lanfrey!"

For a moment there was only the sound of rain and the wind outside.

Lanfrey stared at the girl, his cigarette burning slowly in his thick fingers. "Me?" he echoed at last.

XXVII

Alice Wilmer nodded. Suddenly she spoke. "She said you killed her husband, that you killed Jack Quigley, that she was afraid of you. I wouldn't listen to her silly accusations. And so I left."

"Thank you, Miss Wilmer," said Lanfrey simply.

Rogers leaped out of his chair. "I want to say something," he barked. "I want to say that I think that Mrs. Gorell's mind was unbalanced. It's the kindest thing that can be said of her now."

"Thanks, Hunt, but — "

"I'm not done yet, Carlos. If there is anybody here that thinks you are guilty of — "

"Nobody thinks it, Rogers," said French sharply. "Let's forget it and look someplace else for the killer."

"Thank you, French," said Lanfrey. "And thanks, Hunt. I appreciate your attitude." The captain got to his feet. "Thank you all for your time."

After the others had departed Rogers and I sat in the lounge. Ernest appeared in the doorway. "What is it, Ernest?" I asked.

"Captain Lanfrey wants to see you both on the bridge."

Carlos Lanfrey glanced up as we entered his cabin, and asked us to sit down. "I'm going to talk to Webber, the cook," he said.

A moment later Webber, his fat, beet-red face wearing an anxious look, stood in the doorway.

"Come in, Webber." Lanfrey pointed to the remaining chair.

The cook sat down, his watery eyes fixed on the captain's face, his legs tense under his heavy body to guard against the rolling of the ship. "You wanted to see me, Sir," Webber breathed.

"Yes, Webber." Lanfrey braced himself more firmly in his chair. "You know that Mrs. Gorell was murdered last night — "

"Yes, Sir, I know; and it's awful — "

Lanfrey reached into a drawer and laid the bloody knife upon the edge of the desk.

The man's restless eyes almost started from his head. "That's my knife," he said breathlessly. "Is that the — the one that — killed her?" He looked fearfully at Lanfrey. "It's terrible, Sir. I've followed the sea for twenty-five years, and nothing like this has ever happened to me before."

"You admit it's your knife, Webber?"

"Yes, Sir, I do; quite readily, Sir; not admitting, though, that I am guilty. I'm not a murderer, Sir."

"Where did you keep the knife?"

"In the galley, Sir; behind the chopping block."

"Is the galley locked when you are not on duty?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Does anybody else have a key?"

"Starr has a key, Sir. The second cook lost his, Sir."

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"Was the galley locked this morning when you went to get breakfast?"

"Starr was there before me, Sir."

Lanfrey was silent a moment, then he asked another question. "Do you know anything at all about this murder, Webber?"

"Nothing, Sir. I'm as ignorant as anybody can be about it." His voice was weighted with earnest emphasis.

Lanfrey relaxed in his chair. "That's all, Webber. Tell Starr to come up at once."

"Yes, Sir." The cook made his way carefully out of the cabin.

Captain Lanfrey tossed the cigarettes across to us, then put the knife away just as Starr appeared in the doorway and stood waiting the invitation to enter.

"You wanted to question me, Sir, about the murder," the steward said.

"Right, Starr. We do — "

"I can explain everything — "

"Now, wait a minute," Lanfrey caught him up. "I'll talk first."

The steward brushed a nervous hand across his lips and sat still.

"Starr," began Lanfrey, his voice growing hard, "things look bad for you. You came in for considerable suspicion in Quigley's death; there's even more directed towards you in the death of Mrs. Gorell." He reached into the open drawer and fished out a white jacket with brass buttons and dropped it upon the desk. "That's yours," he said.

"Yes, Sir."

"It was on the bed with Mrs. Gorell's body. Now what damn-fool idea you had leaving it there — "

"I didn't leave it there, Sir," said Starr, his voice rising.

"How did it get there?"

"I don't know, Sir. At night I keep my jacket in the galley on a hook. It was gone when I went to put it on this morning — "

"Did you kill Mrs. Gorell?"

For a moment the steward stared at Lanfrey as if doubting his own ears. "No, Sir; I'll swear I didn't, Sir," he almost yelled. He sat looking at us, a fine perspiration on his upper lip.

"Where did you go on shore that noon, Starr — the day Dr. Gorell was murdered?"

"Murdered?" the steward repeated aghast. "I thought it was an accident, Sir."

"Never mind what you think. Where did you go?"

"I just went a little way, Sir, into the bushes. I had had very little time ashore, Sir, and I couldn't resist the temptation to see something of a desert island. I turned my ankle, Sir, and had to sit until the pain stopped."

"Did you see anybody?"

"Only Mr. Cranston some distance off."

"Did you see Dr. Gorell?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you kill him?"

"Kill him?" An expression of pain shot across the steward's face. "You don't mean, Sir — ? I didn't! I'll swear I'm not guilty of that, Sir."

"All right, Starr. Now, about this knife — " Lanfrey laid it alongside the jacket.

"It's cook's knife, Sir."

"Have you a key to the galley?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You can go and come whether cook is there or not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was the galley locked this morning when you went to get your jacket?"

Starr was silent, his harried brain puzzling for the recollection "I believe not, Sir."

"Who locks the galley at night?"

"I'm supposed to, Sir."

"Did you lock it last night?"

For a moment Starr did not answer, then he looked up slowly. "I don't think I did, Sir. I intended to. I remember now I didn't. I'm sorry."

Lanfrey picked up his cigarette. "Tell me about that crab," he said.

"The scarlet crab, Sir?" Starr began. "Well — you see — it was a nuisance, Sir."

"In what way?"

"Always underfoot. It would follow me about like a dog, Sir."

"Followed you into Mrs. Gorell's room, you mean?"

"No, Sir," he answered, a pleading look in his eyes. "It would follow me from the galley, and I would shoo it back, Sir."

"Where did you keep it?"

"Under the icebox, Sir."

"Was it locked in the galley at night?"

"Yes, Sir. Crabs are all right on desert islands, but they have no place, Sir, on a yacht; at least not in the galley and trying to follow you into the dining room."

"Would the crab follow anybody else besides you?"

"He would follow Ernest or cook the same as me, Sir. Cook threatened to make a cocktail of him, Sir; the way the crab twisted his eyes about on his sticks fair gave Webber the creeps."

Lanfrey crushed out the fire in his cigarette. "Do you know anything at all, Starr, that would lead you to suspect anyone?"

"No, Sir, I can think of nobody who would do such a thing."

"Is there anybody who would try to implicate you in this thing?"

An odd look of embarrassment came over Starr's face. At last he said: "Begging your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Cranston and I haven't got along. But anyway, Mr. Cranston couldn't have done such a thing as to mix me up in the murder, because as you know he is locked in his stateroom."

"That's right. Well — Starr — " Lanfrey swept the knife and jacket into the drawer of his desk — "that's all."

(Concluded next month)

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Midwinter Book Market

Only twelve new books of verse are on my desk today as against 25 two months ago. Five of these are published by that irrepressible sponsor of verse, Henry Harrison: Pennsylvania Poets, Kentucky Poets, Michigan Poets (each $2.00); Poems, by Milton S. Ray; and Stars and Shadow, by Charlotte Arthur (each $1.50).

So much of the verse published by Mr. Harrison is of a pedestrian character, measured by the standards of real poetry, that some of my friends say I should try to bury Mr. Harrison rather than to praise him. However, his verse usually has a local and geographical verity, an ardent following in the county gazette. Vachel Lindsay used to criticize us for giving the cold shoulder to this sort of verse that does not make the grade of the "snooty" Forum or other metropolitan magazines. If the village plumber — Lindsay generously claimed — the village lawyer, and the Sunday school superintendent agree in liking a local bard, then he becomes by popular definition a local laureate, in fact a poet. However, from a national point of view, these present rhapsodies from Kentucky are disappointing. Except for one piece by Jesse Stuart there is nothing here which seems authentic or smells of that weird balladry and horsy homespun and reckless daring which we associate with Kentucky. The Michigan selection is somewhat better, as factory life here gets mixed up with sentiment. Pennsylvania fares better than the other States. For here we find an admirable sonnet to "A Flemish Madonna," by Charles Wharton Stork, as well as technical work of Katherine Garrison Chapin, Mary Morris Duane, Amory Hare (who writes the cosmopolitan foreword), Elizabeth Stanley Trotter, and Owen Wister. What a pity that the volume omits often brilliant poets such as Roy Helton, Mary Borland, and Mary Dixon Thayer!

The Ray volume is companionable Californian, and the Charlotte Arthur poems are Irish not too sophisticated for the lay enthusiast.

The Oxford Book of Modern Verse (Oxford, $3.00) means of course three dollars from every American lover of poetry, even if you are on federal relief. These post-1892 poems are chosen by Yeats, and his introduction alone is worth the price, not to mention his selection from Gerard Manley Hopkins. For criticism I yield to the Irish compatriot of Mr. Yeats, the book editor of The Forum in another part of this magazine — Mary Colum.

In River Acres (Kaleidograph, $1.50), Ruth Vail gives her sensitive impressions of life and work and nature in North Carolina. In Cliff Pace (Boni, $2.00) Thomas Caldecot Chubb presents the traveled miscellany of a conscious artist. In Mary (Lantern, $1.25) Lefa Morse Eddy reveals in delicate sequence the unfolding emotions of motherhood personified in the life of the mother of Jesus.

It may seem whimsical to pair off Theocritus and Dorothy Parker in the same paragraph. Yet both have gay, elusive, echoing immortality. They are opposites in their approach but they balance. Dorothy Parker prods and quickens her jaded urban sophisticates with her gay, wistful womanhood, while Theocritus made goatherds and country wenches divine by the wand of his urbanity. Both are, above reproach, artists elect. Late Spring (Harvard, $2.50) is a translation of Theocritus by Henry Harmon Chamberlin. Mr. Chamberlin, in spirit and technique, has been equal to the task of communicating this classic in all his gay modernity. Dorothy Parker has collected her poems under the title Not So Deep as a Well (Viking, $2.50). This is, of course, another *must* book. Our favorite four lines are:

Whose love is given over-well
Shall look on Helen's face in hell,
Whilst they whose love is thin and wise
May view John Knox in paradise.

Gaily the Troubadour, by Arthur Guiterman (Dutton, $2.00), also belongs to the classics — the classics of American humor. Humor in metrical form and good taste is as natural and spontaneous in Arthur Guiterman as good spirits in a trained athlete. What more matchless than his recent one on the bathysphere?

Whoever saw a girl near William Beebe
That wasn't twice as beautiful as Hebe?

When Poets Laugh

***by* ARTHUR GUITERMAN**

"Poet Laureate of New York City"

In spite of our troubles, all of us poets who have had the courage to be humorous, including Horace, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Herrick, Holmes, Gilbert, Tom Daly, and me, have had a lot of fun. The solemn bards who have never dared to chuckle for fear of losing their prestige and dignity have missed more than their laurel wreaths were ever worth. I have known some of these, actuated by what the diverting psychiatrists term their defense mechanism, to protest, dogmatically, "There can be no such thing as a humorous poem."

No? Well, how about this:

Beside the stream she sat, and, sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

"Oh, but that is Herrick, and —"

Exactly. And because it is by Herrick it must be poetry. And *John Gilpin's Ride* is a poem because it was written by Cowper. Had the author been a modern American, there are those among our critics and professors who would have dismissed it as doggerel.

"But don't you distinguish at all between humorous poetry and humorous verse?"

I can, though I don't consider such classifications important. The old poets didn't, if, indeed, they ever bothered with them. Wherever there is beauty and charm there is poetry. Whenever a humorous idea is presented in verse with beauty, we have a humorous poem. Humor is not necessarily beautiful in itself, but it may be. Humor in its best phase is, as Thackeray said, "laughter mixed with love," and such humor is often intrinsically beautiful. However, whether you may choose to catalogue a metrical composition under the head of poetry or verse is of no consequence. Good verse with a human value is far above mediocre poetry.

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OUR ROSTRUM

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WHAT KIND OF A HUSBAND?

To the Editor:

Woe is me! I hope not too many American women read Marjorie D. Kern's article, entitled "Why American Women Marry Foreigners" [January FORUM]. Should the idea take hold, a heavy demand for waxed mustaches and professional heel snappers might result.

Or am I wrong? Maybe pretty American girls (who have more common sense than any others on this planet) would just as soon stay with us boys who work plenty hard to keep the milkman a regular caller at the home.

Rather familiar with prominent coeds at a leading American college, I, being connected with the newspaper business, asked a few of them how they felt on the issue. I heard no urgent demands for a carload of Europeans.

There is such a thing as atmosphere. To select a mate not accustomed to one's ordinary manner of living would mean disaster to more homes than is already the case.

OLLIE F. ATKINS
University News Bureau
University of Alabama
University, Ala.

To the Editor:

. . . I find it a stimulating discussion of a problem which has been given a bigoted and provincial treatment at the hands of many of our writers and lecturers. Since America has derived her culture, her religious sects, and her ethical viewpoint from Europe, it is difficult to understand why so many Americans assume that all European men are blackguards and ruffians. The only brand-new spiritual ideas that have come out of our country are Mormonism, which advocates polygamy, and Christian Science, which advocates withholding medical assistance from the sick. We are not, it seems to me, a nation who is justified in looking askance at the behavior or mores of our elders.

GRETTA PALMER
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The article on why American women marry foreigners, by Marjorie Dobbins Kern, was most interesting, and I imagine that it caused a good deal of heart-searching among the male portion of THE FORUM's readers. The diagnosis is substantially correct, and the most of the men cannot but agree. There is a vital difference between the attitude of the European and the American, and this is owing in large measure to two opposite philosophies of life.

The American man is too materialistic — he worships business and material things overmuch — he thinks almost exclusively in terms of bread, dollars, rank, financial status, as if these things were all that made life worth while. This materialistic craving for mere things results in alienation from home, family, good — God — and the finer things of life.

The European has less of the materialistic craving — he is satisfied with less in a material way — he moves slowly and leisurely and thereby develops within those inward qualities so essential to happiness in marital relations — he believes that man shall not live by bread alone — hence these two opposing philosophies result in two different attitudes in a marital way.

The American man wants money — power — influence; he gets them — but at the expense of comradeship in the home.

The way to a more perfect marital state is for man to debunk his materialistic philosophy — to live more simply — and above all to share more fully his love and comradeship with those in the home.

JOHN E. THOMPSON
Pastor
Methodist Episcopal Church
Senecaville, O.

TECHNOLOGY AND UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor:

I read with a great deal of interest the January FORUM article ["Men against Machines"] by J. George Frederick.

. . . . . .

Mr. Frederick's closing paragraph is especially significant. He says:

"Technological unemployment, I think it will eventually be certified, is nonexistent in a really live, up-to-date plant, headed by men of parts, operating on the best of modern industrial policies, as ready to modernize as Carnegie or Ford. The fatal technological-employment time lag is a fungus which grows on recalcitrant, slow-moving industrial craft, as barnacles grow on derelicts."

All of us who are working for greater employment throughout the United States find in this paragraph excellent description of a pressing concern. This is lest the actual results of such "stabilization" measures as the Robinson Patman price-discrimination act, the corporation-surplus tax, State resale-price maintenance acts, and proposed prohibitions of sales below cost shall be found to retard aggressive industrial modernization and ef-

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When Poets Laugh

II

BETWEEN ourselves, I am supposed to tell you something about how I write. Well, I've always been keenly interested in everything and, when some urgent idea, serious or trivial, takes hold of me and commands, "Write about *me!*" I obey.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that a lyric poem springs from the chance union of words that have loved each other ever since language was created. All poets know this to be true. A heaven-sent lyric phrase becomes the nucleus of a poem, determining its form as well as its theme. Often an idea is given to my consciousness wedded to a tune, and I sing the poem to myself as a complete song before putting pencil to paper. These lines will show the cadence of *A Polar Serenade* that thus sang itself to *me:*

Where the auras
Of auroras
Fondly beam
While the penguin
Woos the hen-guin
Of his dream.

Some twenty years back, as I was walking with my thoughts keeping time to my steps, my subconscious partner handed me this fantastic rhyme:

There came the Prophet Sam-u-el
A-riding on a cam-u-el;
Said he, "I'm going to damn you well."

I had no immediate use for the offering but a few months later in my studies of folklore I chanced on an Arabian tale about the camel. This story I adapted in a ballad, *The Legend of the First Cam-u-el,* for which the first two lines of that "inspiration" furnished an important couplet and suggested the meter and the rhyme scheme.

Like most people, I am fond of dogs and I think it natural that the residence of one of my best friends should have suggested a *Motto for a Dog House:*

I love this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.

In *A Winter's Tale,* the naïve stage direction, "Exit, pursued by a bear," struck me as a perfect refrain for a ballad, so I used it in a poem in that form under the title, *The Shakespearean Bear.*

I am something of a field naturalist, with an extensive acquaintance among animals, wild and tame, so here is a study of a popular quadruped:

The cautious, collapsible cow
Gives milk by the sweat of her brow;
Then under the trees
She folds her front knees
And sinks fore and aft with a bow.

The quaint cherubs on the headstones of soldiers of the Revolution in the lovely old churchyard near our summer home in Vermont gave me an idea for a discourse on mortuary art which begins:

True cherubs never run in debt
Because of clothes and things,
For, like some chickens I have met,
They're made of heads and wings.

Everyday experience has been converted into many deep, philosophical observations like this:

Don't tell your friends about your indigestion:
"How are you!" is a Greeting, not a Question.

Then, in case anyone else shares a writer's perennial interest in how his mental machinery works and is curious to know how even he can make mistakes, why,

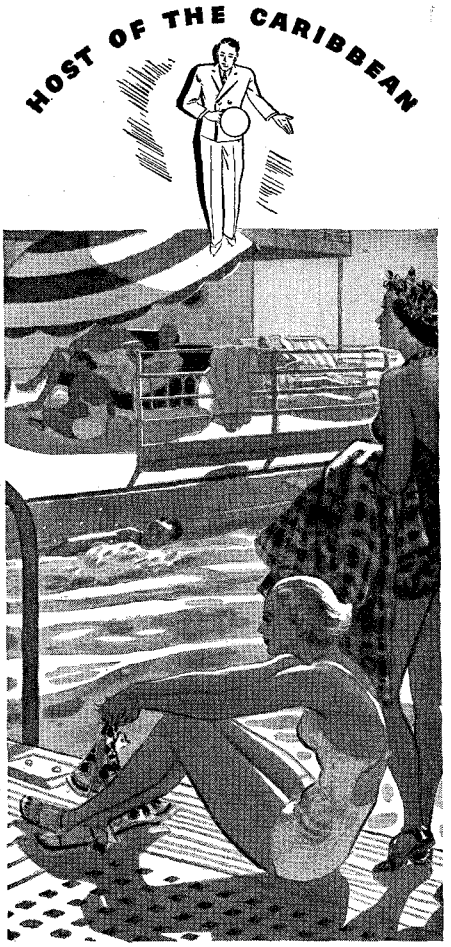
My Cerebrum directs my Cerebellum,
Producing volumes worth their weight in vellum;
But any immaterial errata
Are due to my Medulla Oblongata.

Now, as a Maine guide once said to me, "I don't want to be tellsome," so I forbear laying down the law as to how humorous poetry should be written but I direct your attention to the suggestive lines in which Austin Dobson sings the praise of the gayer strain:

Oh, the Song where not one of the Graces
Tight-laces,
Where we woo the sweet Muses not starchly
But archly,

Where the verse, like a piper a-Maying,
Comes playing,
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer
In answer,

It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter;
And after!



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GREAT WHITE FLEET

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Our Rostrum

ficient competition and to reduce our industrial economy to a static society instead of a dynamic force for employment and rising standards of living. . . .

JOHN W. O'LEARY
President
Machinery and Allied Products Institute
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading "Men against Machines," by J. George Frederick, in the January FORUM. Mr. Frederick's article is interesting, but it contains several serious errors of fact and interpretation which I believe are worth noting.

In essence, his fundamental argument that technological innovations do not displace workers in the long run is based on census statistics indicating that the percentage of our population over ten years of age and gainfully employed has increased about 50 per cent during the last century. Aside from the fact that he has misquoted the census (which says gainfully *occupied* rather than gainfully employed and means able and willing to work but not necessarily holding down a job), these figures are very misleading until adjusted for shifts in age distribution, changes in the length of the work week, and a number of other factors. When such changes have been made, they show that the proportion of our population gainfully occupied has certainly not risen during the last hundred years and probably has declined a little.

The second serious error in Mr. Frederick's paper is that he limits the discussion almost entirely to the manufacturing and construction industries. He neglects the fact that the most devastating technological innovations have taken place in agriculture and right within the family, both of which have forced large numbers of "displaced workers" to seek work in the industrial cities.

Third, his argument that the number of new and growing occupations more than counterbalances the number of jobs lost in declining industries is misinformed. He entirely overlooks the fact that the American labor market is constantly rising at the rate of about 700,000 workers a year. Far from absorbing these workers and helping to re-employ workers displaced from other occupations, manufacturing and seven other basic industries barely held their own between 1920 and 1930, although production rose 44 per cent during that time.

Finally he fails to consider adequately the total effect of new inventions on employment. These may be broadly classified as job-creating, job-replacing, and job-displacing. During the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth, the emphasis was overwhelmingly on the job-creating type. But the trend has been shifting rapidly, especially in the last fifteen years, to the other end of the spectrum.

. . . . . .

LYLE M. SPENCER
Department of Sociology
The University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

Perhaps as much has been written in recent years on the subject of technological unemployment as on any other single economic problem. Yet, as Mr. Frederick points out, there is such a paucity of data bearing directly on the subject as to make very tentative any opinions or conclusions. . . .

The few figures contained in Mr. Frederick's article reveal the marked increase in employment in this country over the past several decades — a period during which technological improvements were being made with increasing acceleration. . . . There can be no doubt but that the predominant factor in this upward surge was the improvement in the techniques of production. . . .

. . . Mr. Frederick proposes more widespread technological change with greater rapidity as the cure for the technological time lag between displacement and absorption. Others insist that greater flexibility of selling prices, labor costs, and hours of work; provisions for vocational retraining; improved placement services; and many other related developments are the prime needs for treating the problem.

The main objective, it seems, is to make the fullest utilization of all of our factors of production, including labor, and to increase the production and distribution of goods and services so as to continue to raise the standard of living of the nation. Scientific research must be undertaken to reveal more clearly the nature of the problems arising from technological changes and to provide the basis for bringing about the above objectives with the least delay.

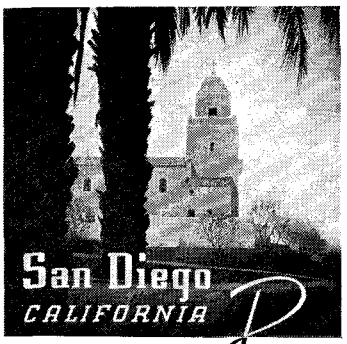
DANIEL C. ROPER
Secretary of Commerce
Washington, D. C.

IS CHINA REBORN?

To the Editor:

. . . I have read with great interest Dr. Hu Shih's article ["Can China Survive?" January FORUM]. . . .

He touches on what is one of the most profound and important movements taking place in the world today — the movement toward national unity in China. Dr. Hu Shih has been an important leader in that movement. He perhaps more than any other man is responsible for the development which is giving the common



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Our Rostrum

people of China today a written language in their own vernacular. It was just such a movement in western Europe six or seven hundred years ago which laid the foundation of the great nation-states which have since become the leaders of that continent. On the question of the survival of Chinese national unity, he speaks with the authority not only of profound scholarship but of experienced leadership.

. . . . . .

HENRY L. STIMSON
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I have seldom read a discussion of a very complicated subject which was presented with such clarity and reasonableness. To anyone who, like myself, has been to China, Dr. Hu Shih's realism in admitting the glaring evils that exist in Chinese civilization and in indicating the constructive measures that must be undertaken to remove them is an evidence of the finest patriotism. It is for such an attitude that Dr. Hu Shih is regarded as China's First Citizen.

STEPHEN DUGGAN
Director
Institute of International Education
New York, N. Y.

A TORNADO OF TEACHERS

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . The comment on James Ricochet Boyd's article ["What Is a Teacher Worth?" December FORUM] that appeared in the January issue rather amazed me by its bitterness. It never occurred to me that Dr. Boyd's article would sting so sharply. Therefore, it is my hope that in the February issue you will publish my temperate view. . . .

. . . . . .

LOUIS SALBITANO
Utica, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Jean Ricochet Boyd's article, "What Is a Teacher Worth?" in the December issue of THE FORUM is a display of one of the most severe cases of egoism and spite that it has fallen to my lot to observe. . . .

ALTON B. LEE
Superintendent
Decatur Public Schools
Decatur, Tex.

To the Editor:

. . . I am very thankful he realized years ago that he was not a teacher. . . .

. . . . . .

DONALD L. SIMON
Superintendent
Griffith Public Schools
Griffith, Ind.

To the Editor:

. . . I must call attention to the lapse in the December issue by Jean Ricochet Boyd.

. . . When there is so much factual material at hand, why print the sensational?

. . . . . .

JOHN W. SAHLSTROM
Superintendent
Board of Education
Elmira Heights, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . To condemn . . . all teaching and all pupils from the printed testimony of one teacher who apparently was not satisfactory even to himself would seem to be . . . a hasty inference. . . .

LEMUEL PITTS
Principal
Pueblo High School
Pueblo, Colo.

To the Editor:

. . . I have been very much stimulated by Jean Ricochet Boyd's article. . . .

As I read the article, I found myself going back to my early teaching days and saying, "That is just how I used to feel." . . .

. . . . . .

CARLYLE C. RING
Superintendent of Schools
Little Falls, N. Y.

To the Editor:

May I join that host of educators who will agree with Jean Ricochet Boyd in his statement that he was a robber of society?

. . . It is quite evident from his own confession that he was a colossal failure as a teacher and he is trying to excuse himself by blaming the system.

. . . . . .

GUY P. RIGAUD
Superintendent
Spring Valley Public Schools
Spring Valley, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Why must you run an article like the one by J. R. Boyd . . . ?

J. B. GEISEL
Principal
Alpena High School
Alpena, Mich.

To the Editor:

As a teacher of two years' experience I bitterly resent Mr. Boyd's article. . . .

That education should be measured merely in terms of dollars and cents evokes my heartiest disapproval. . . .

. . . . . .

R. R. DOUGLASS
The Jefferson High School
Falls Church, Va.

To the Editor:

. . . As I read the story of his five years' teaching experience, its failures and inadequacies, I felt a kindred feeling for his mood of despair. I, too, have been engulfed in that black abyss of gloom when I sense my failure to teach what I am hired . . . to teach. . . .

I differ from Mr. Boyd in this respect, however. I have always emerged from the black pit and again taken up the cudgel. . . .

. . . . . .

RUTH HETZMAN
Royal Oak Senior High School
Royal Oak, Mich.

To the Editor:

. . . In the best of periodicals an occasional article will appear that seems to have been dictated by an unfavorable emotional experience rather than by the facts of the case. . . .

. . . . . .

HARRY M. FISHER
Supervising Principal
Mohawk Public Schools
Mohawk, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Apparently I have taught ten times as long as Boyd. I often feel discouraged, but it is only the difficulty of the problem that challenges. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . They can abuse us . . . they can criticize and underpay us; but education is going on to do the best it can. . . . Let the cowards desert the ranks. . . .

EARLE M. PARKER
Northern State Teachers College
Marquette, Mich.

To the Editor:

. . . One is struck by the fact that the author was utterly unsuited to the teaching profession. . . .

K. C. TUFTS
Verona, N. J.

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading in the December FORUM a brilliantly satirical article by Jean Ricochet Boyd, exposing the futility and hypocrisy of much of what passes for education in America today.

. . . . . .

MARTIN E. GLYNN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FORUM *regrets that space does not permit the fuller publication of the above letters, many of which were interesting and informative to an unusual degree. For a reply to Dr. Boyd, the reader is referred to page 109 of this issue. In our March issue Dr. Boyd will write a rebuttal.*

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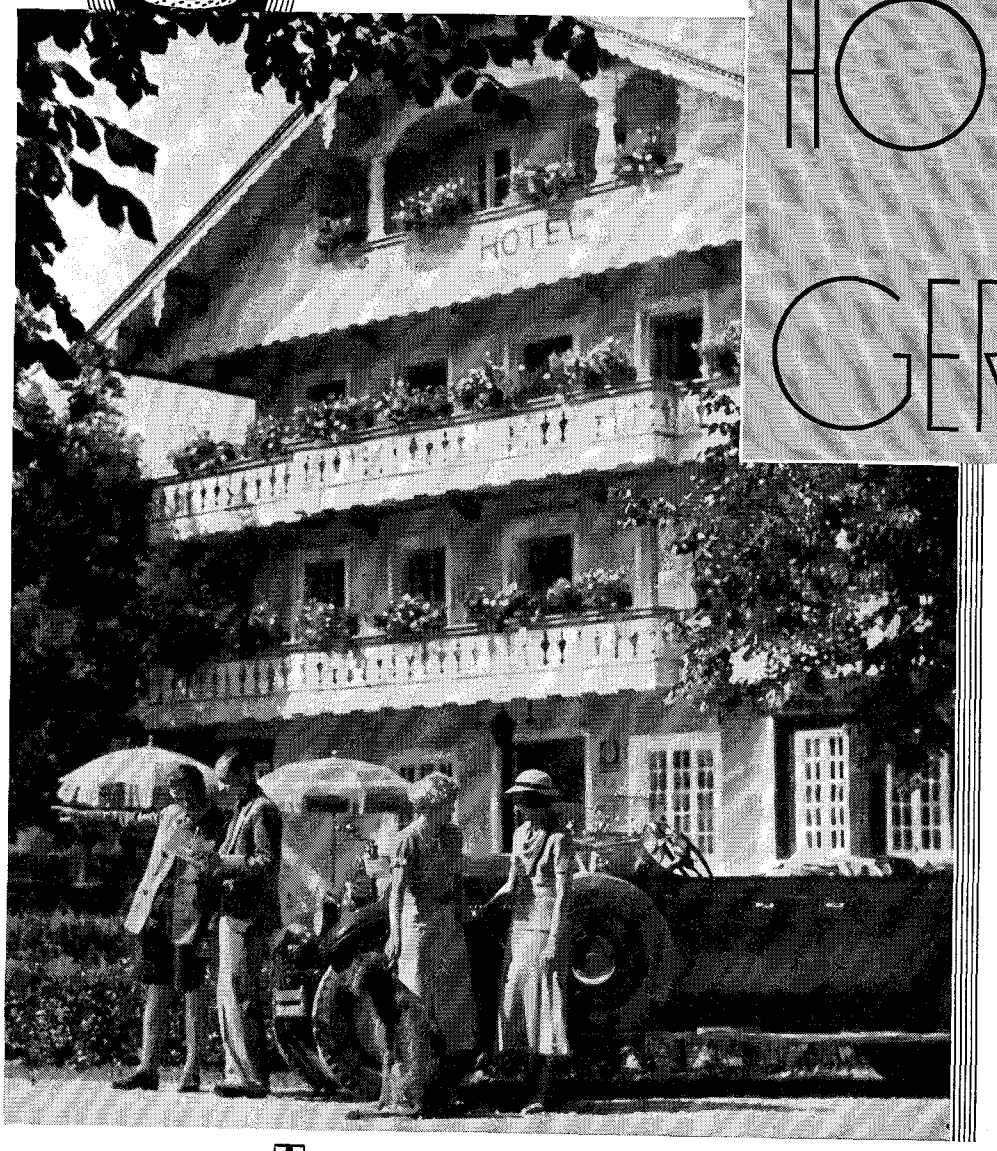

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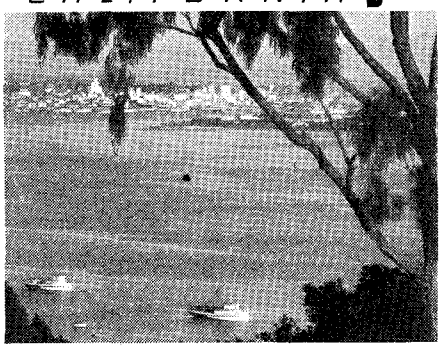

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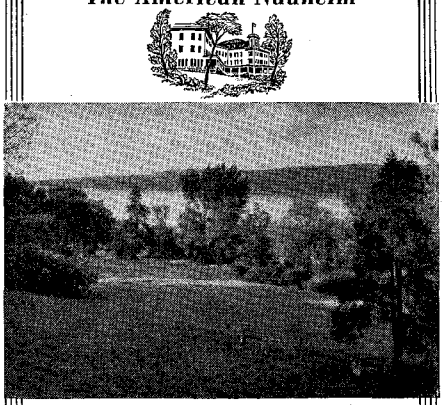

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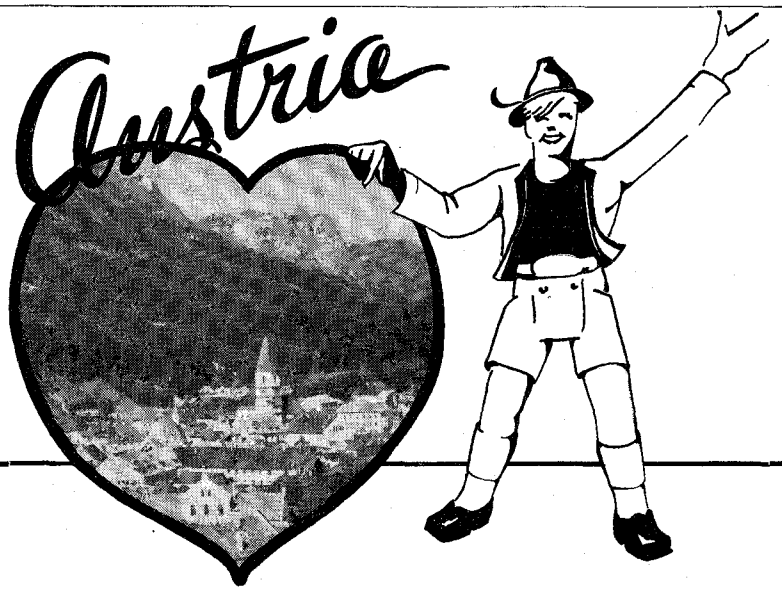

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TOASTS

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of *The Native's Return*, collected the material for his article in this issue during a comprehensive tour of the country in preparation for his next book. This will be a sociological study of certain aspects of American life, and Mr. Adamic has gone to Guatemala to find peace and detachment in which to write it.

JANET MABIE was born in Boston and educated for a musical career. But she changed her mind and entered on a long career as reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* and as a free-lance writer.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "Adventure in Finance" is a native of the Middle West. She graduated from college in 1929 and received an M.A. degree last year. Meantime she has been a high-school teacher of English and public speaking.

JOHN G. JONES is vice president in charge of sales for the Alexander Hamilton Institute in New York and is an author and lecturer on sales management and industrial relations.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK is a business economist and writer. He is president of the Gourmet Society and of the Writers Club, New York.

MAY LEWIS writes poetry and lectures on it. She is a former winner of a Poetry Society of America prize.

UPTON SINCLAIR has been a lifelong radical as regards politics and economics and has argued his case with a remarkable production of widely read books. Everybody knows of him as the leader of the EPIC Party in California.

CHARLES NORMAN'S quiet verses have been familiar to readers of many American magazines for some years.

FRANCES NEWTON was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the daughter of a distinguished Canadian educationalist. She is a governor of a Canadian women's college. Relatively new to writing, she is at present working on a novel.

JEAN RICOCHET BOYD'S medical experience has included medicine, surgery, pathology, and psychiatry. He practices in Pennsylvania, and his writing is merely a hobby.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN lives with his wife, Vida Lindo, in Arlington, Vermont. One of the country's best known "folk" poets, he is also a frequent speaker from the lecture platform.

RALPH M. PEARSON, who began a successful career as an etcher, has been an earnest student of modern design since 1913, and is recognized as one of its leading prophets and interpreters.

CLIFFORD KNIGHT'S prize-winning mystery novel is scheduled for publication in book form on March 9, by Dodd, Mead.

JOHN COTTON WALCOTT is a graduate of Harvard University who has recently returned from two years abroad, devoted to the study of metaphysics.

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